

THE AMERICAN

LEGION

MAGAZINE

OCTOBER

1941



A THRILLING COAST GUARD STORY
by KARL DETZER





ANGELA CUMMINS
Chesterfield's
Girl of the Month

At all the Games
It's CHESTERFIELD

For MILDNESS, for BETTER TASTE and COOLER SMOKING, Chesterfield is the winning cigarette... they're quick to satisfy with their *right combination* of the world's best cigarette tobaccos.

All around you, pack after pack, you'll see Chesterfields giving smokers a lot more pleasure. *Join in, light 'em up, and you've got a cigarette to cheer about.*

Everywhere you go...

it's have a Chesterfield *They Satisfy*

WHAT MAKES THEM *Click*

By
**ARTHUR B.
SWEET**

THE ordinary golfing dubs look upon the par smashing professional as a man of magic—a fellow who can make golf balls do great things from tee to green. They stand with eyes blazing and words of wonderment on their lips as they tramp over the smooth fairways and climb the hills of golf courses from New England to California, from St. Paul to New Orleans and from Texas to Florida, watching the stars of the professional troupe who make tournament after tournament the year around, click off round after round in the very low 70's and most of the time in the magic 60's. "Oh boy," they say to their friends, "just give me one round like that and I'd die happy—just one round in the 60's, that's all."

But, would the ordinary golfing dub be willing to stand out on a practice tee and hit balls hour upon hour all by himself? Would he be glad to spend a blistering hot afternoon knocking balls out of sandtraps with a sandwedge? Sensing a bit of wrong timing in his swing, would he spend two hours with a wood knocking balls down the fairway before he went out to play a gruelling 36 holes?

You're right. The dub won't do it—and that is why he is a dub and one who must be satisfied to buy a round of drinks for his foursome when he breaks 100; and because some chaps have done just such things, not for hours in the past, but for day after day, month after month and maintained a schedule of practicing for years, is just why you have the Sam Sneads, the Ben Hogans, the Gene Sarazans, the Lawson Littles, the Craig Woods and the Jimmy Demarets.

Famous musicians are always practicing. They never feel they have reached the best within themselves and they are forever striving to reach that pinnacle—perfection. The same holds true of golfers. Name a good golfer, any one, and you name a fellow who has spent hours upon hours on a practice tee perfecting every shot in the bag.

The best golfer of the 1940 season, winner of the Vardon Trophy, and winner of the most prize money of the year was Ben Hogan. Hogan is a little fellow,



A really good golfer gets out of a trap with a minimum of strokes simply because he's played from that lie hundreds of times in practice

True, he is no midget, but as golfers go, he is on the small side. Not once in the entire season did he fail to step up and pick up a check for his four rounds of play. Surely, one thinks, there would be a fellow who certainly wouldn't need practice. If he could place well up in every tournament in which he plays one would be led to believe that here is a fellow who has really perfected his game and could say "To heck with this practice stuff. I've got the game mastered right now."

But, who is the fellow who is first out on the practice tee before any tournament, and who is it that sneaks out to have a hurried lunch and gets out on the tee during the lull between rounds and then, if he hasn't played up to what he considers his standard is back on the tee after the 36 holes have been

finished? It's Ben Hogan. His hands are as horny as a blacksmith's from the constant practice he has put in. It isn't by playing in tournaments that he learned to control the ball the way he does from tee to green. No sir! He has worked out his theories on the practice tee and worked at them long enough that he knows exactly how he is going to play any shot that comes up on the round. His marvelous winning streak hasn't been a matter of luck, but rather, good, consistent golf backed by intelligent practice.

Everyone has heard of Johnny Bulla and his drug-store golf ball but what folks don't know is that Bulla developed his game around Chicago a few years back by dint of back-breaking practicing. The chunks of dough Bulla is winning

(Continued on page 39)

THE AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE

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Contents

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HARRY BOTSFORD'S 35,000 Too Many, dealing with the grisly toll of highway fatalities in the United States in the course of a single year, ought to be read by every man, woman and child in this country. Care by drivers of motor cars and by all of us when we are afoot would cut down this appalling toll of deaths. With the Botsford article we

FIRE PREVENTION WEEK

WHILE Britain was being burned out by fire bombs last year, fire was also taking its heavy annual toll in the United States . . . 10,000 lives; \$300,000,000 worth of property. This year, our defense program will be seriously cramped if there is a similar loss. Our greatest fire "fear" is ordinary human carelessness. To that, this year, we must add the possibility of war incendiaryism . . . sabotage and fire bombs. Simple fire precautionary measures if they are rigidly followed are our means of defeating all of these things.

Be fire-prevention conscious. Defend against fire during Fire Prevention Week, October 5th-11th.

carry an account of the grand work which the Ford Good Drivers League is doing among girls and boys between the ages of 14 and 18 to form safe driving habits. With 170,000 members in every State the league is bound to prove a grand constructive force in a battle that America's
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The AMERICAN LEGION Magazine

WHEN PURCHASING PRODUCTS PLEASE MENTION THE AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE

FIRST IN QUALITY • FIRST IN REPUTATION • FIRST IN POPULARITY • FIRST IN AMONG BOTTLED IN BOND

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Head of the Bourbon Family

One taste will tell you why!

100 PROOF

OLD GRAND-DAD
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKY
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DISTILLED BY THE OLD GRAND-DAD DISTILLERY COMPANY
LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

National Distillers Products Corporation
New York



"That's Our Boy!"

To Bob's dad, this is one of life's proudest moments.

It seems only yesterday that his boy was a curly-headed little tyke, learning to take care of himself in childhood battles with the bully of the block.



Now he's 180 pounds of husky halfback, respected by his classmates and faculty alike, as a man—an athlete—and a student.

But there's more than pride in his father's heart. He's thankful for his own foresight many years ago when he promised himself that his boy would have all those opportunities college offers . . . the day when, through the help of his Prudential agent, he

made sure that promise would come true—even though he might not be here to take care of the expense.



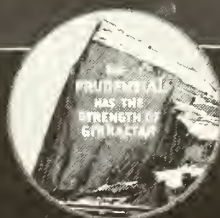
How Can a Man Use Life Insurance to Assure the Education of His Child?

Men who have sufficient life insurance to provide for the future support of their families, often take out extra protection to assure an educational fund for each child.

In most such cases, The Prudential recommends a whole-life or term policy issued on the father's life. This will provide the necessary funds if he should be taken away before his children have completed their education.

You may have The Prudential pay the insurance money in one lump sum or as installments, whichever you prefer.

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A glorious new kind of radio show, starting lovely Gladys Swarthout, Deems Taylor, Ross Graham, Al Goodman's famous orchestra, Ray Block's Chorus, and "Skeeter" Russell.

SEE YOUR PAPER FOR TIME AND STATION

SO THE PRO TOOK A LESSON FROM ME!



1. It looks like a bad round for me. Right off the first tee I give my drive a terrific slice and—*wham*—it just misses the pro by an eyelash. To make matters worse, there isn't even time to yell "Fore!"



2. "Think fast, Champ," chor- tles Bill, my companion, as the pro strides toward us. "That doesn't look like a *smile* he's wearing. Maybe you should suggest a round of TEN HIGH." ... "Not a bad idea," I murmur.



3. But the pro is no grouch. He just points to my club and says, "Out of self-defense I better teach you how to use that shillalah." I sign up for some lessons at oncc, and add, "Do that and I'll Double Your Enjoyment with some of the grandest whiskey you ever tasted."



4. Mac soon has me poking them right down the fairway. When I make good with the TEN HIGH, he lets out a long ah-h-h and says, "Wish I could afford a whiskey like that every day." "Then take a lesson from me," I tell him. "A quart of TEN HIGH costs no more than three golf balls." (He took the lesson.)



TEN HIGH—Straight Bourbon Whiskey or Straight Rye Whiskey, 86 proof.
Copr. 1941, Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Illinois



This I SAW

THE bombing of hospitals, hospital trains and hospital ships by Nazi planes was old stuff to us American war correspondents by the time we got to Corinth, Greece.

During the brief Balkan War we got used to seeing the Stukas dive out of the clouds in Yugoslavia and Greece, and land their capsules of death on anything decorated with a Red Cross.

But Corinth was the worst of all.

It happened on April 25th of this year. Just a few days before the British evacuated Greece. Just a few (*Continued on page 38*)

ROBERT ST. JOHN recently returned from the new battlefields of Europe, with machine gun bullets in his leg received when a Nazi plane fired on a Greek troop train in which he and other American newspapermen were riding. He is one of the few American correspondents who were in Europe from the start of the Second World War, and scored some notable news beats for the Associated Press during that time, including the entry of the Germans into Rumania and Bulgaria, and the short Balkan campaign of 1941. A veteran of the First World War, St. John is now a radio commentator, and his book, *From the Land of Silent People*, will be published this fall

By **ROBERT ST. JOHN**



ROADS TO BEAT

WHEN Adolf Hitler set out to conquer Europe, the first thing he did was draw a road map. He had been dictator of Germany exactly twelve days when he first announced his plan for a series of what he then called "tourist highways." On his map he drew straight lines from Berlin to Vienna, from Hamburg to Bremen and Lübeck, from Berlin to Stettin. His straight lines ran from troop concentration points and from industrial centers to the sea, and to the borders of Austria, France, Poland, Holland, Belgium and Denmark.

He had no money for roads, no credit, little traffic that could be made to pay its way. So he printed the money, ordered thousands of unemployed to work, squeezed the necessary materials out of a frightened and helpless industry.

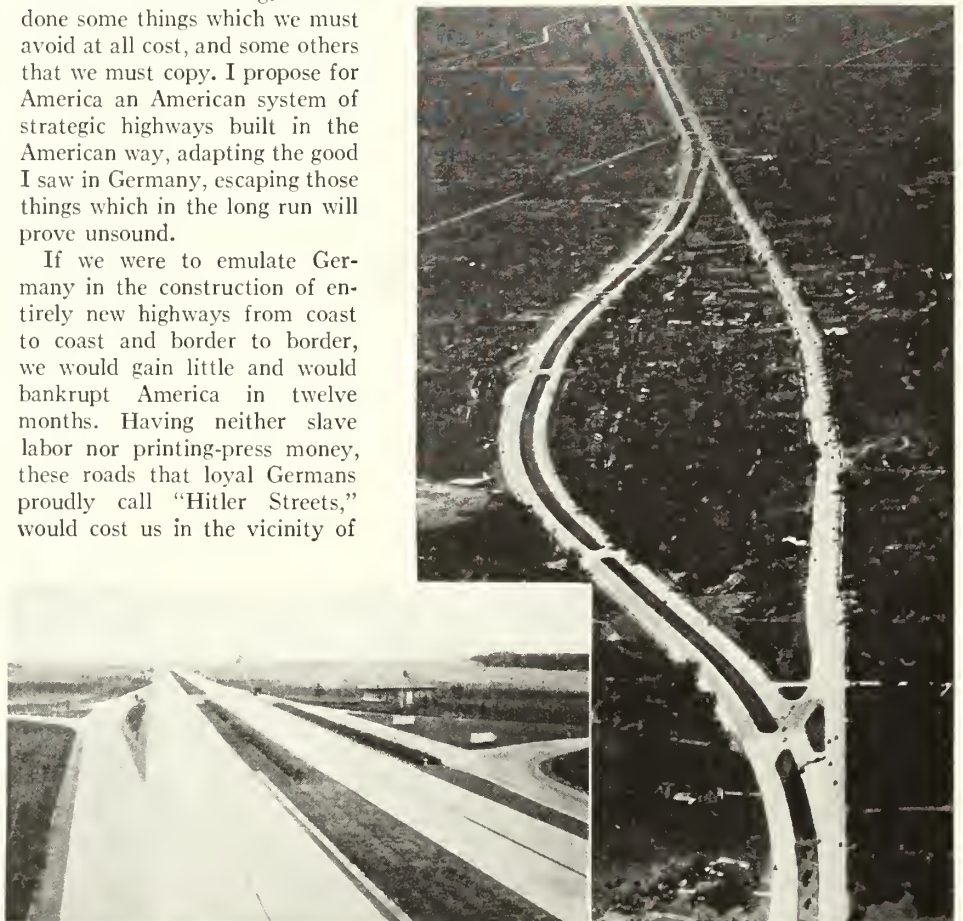
Road Number One he aimed at the heart of Austria. On the day the first steam shovel bit into the first bank of earth . . . that day the blitzkrieg had begun. Hitler knew that any conquering army must be a mechanized force, and just as important, he knew that no mechanized force could either be built or operated without a system of strategic roads. It required high-speed highways capable of immense traffic volume to synchronize industry in building tanks, trucks and guns, and the same kind of highways to handle these arms and the soldiers who man them after they are built.

I have seen these Hitler roads. I have driven over them for hundreds of miles, and with an engineer's eye and a road-

builder's curiosity have compared them mile for mile and dollar for dollar with the American highway system. We have a great deal to learn from Hitler in the matter of road building. He has done some things which we must avoid at all cost, and some others that we must copy. I propose for America an American system of strategic highways built in the American way, adapting the good I saw in Germany, escaping those things which in the long run will prove unsound.

If we were to emulate Germany in the construction of entirely new highways from coast to coast and border to border, we would gain little and would bankrupt America in twelve months. Having neither slave labor nor printing-press money, these roads that loyal Germans proudly call "Hitler Streets," would cost us in the vicinity of

\$250,000 a mile to build. One such highway, reaching from Maine to California, would eat up a billion dollars. A network of these roads, from Canada to the Gulf and Mexico, from Florida to Oregon, criss-crossing the nation, would cost



At left, a Hitler highway. Right, tourist road and industrial highway through Birmingham, Michigan. The Army could use one of these exclusively and leave the other to civilian vehicles



HITLER'S



Governor Van Wagoner

By

MURRAY D. VAN WAGONER

GOVERNOR OF MICHIGAN

much more than our entire defense effort to date.

Not only are such roads out of the question financially; they are not necessary. Our American highway system as it stands today contains thousands of miles of excellent roads ready to be incorporated into a national military system. All we need do is superimpose on them those improvements necessary to eliminate bottlenecks, give additional access to defense plants and army posts, make existing miles more adequate and increase safety factors. We have the advantage over Hitler in that our present twenty-five-billion-dollar road system embraces a 75,000-mile "strategic network" of first-class military roads that are also tourist roads and industrial roads. Of this network, about one-fifth of the mileage needs rebuilding, perhaps one-fifteenth of it needs only widening, and there are some 3000 old bridges, most of them in rural areas, that must be rebuilt to handle the weight of army tanks and other equipment.

Gasoline taxes, federal and state, pay a large part of America's road cost, both in construction and maintenance. This is as it should be. We "pay as we drive" our highway system. And our strategic network, being also our most-traveled roads, used now to the capacity of the bottlenecks and the old bridges by non-military vehicles, will carry an even larger volume of non-military traffic as it is improved. If we use common sense, engineering skill, imagination and frugality, we can have a better road system than Hitler has in the Germany of today, and make it pay its own way.

My travel over German roads proved to me that some of the most expensive of them carry a traffic load of perhaps 2000 cars a day. Compare that with U. S. Highway 10, running northwest from Detroit, with an average of 67,000 cars a day . . . each car paying in gasoline, weight and sales taxes its share of the original cost and upkeep. Any time we spend a dollar improving or maintaining U. S. 10 we know that the men and women and industries that use that particular road will put back that dollar in time.

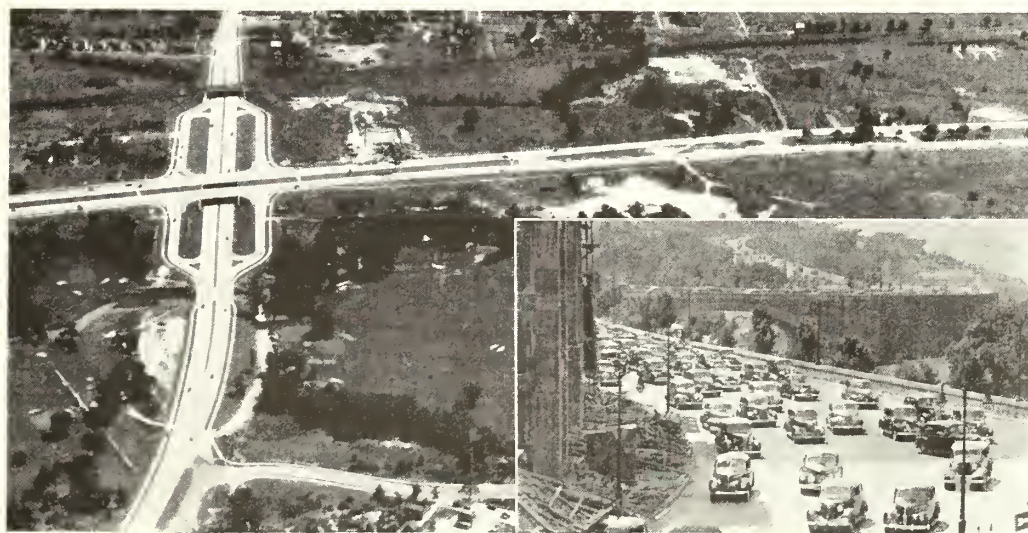
It would take Hitler more than 35 years to collect the same amount of tax money on his 2000-vehicle road that we

collect in one year on U. S. 10, if gasoline and weight taxes were equal.

There are some road builders, deceived by Hitler's wayside parks and picnic tables and tourist hotels, who still believe that he was merely building "tourist highways" when he started the German *autobahn* system. But Hitler has proved that he uses tourists as camouflage in many phases of this war. Just as German "tourists" flocked into Norway, Denmark, Poland, Holland and France before the blitz buggies rolled in, so have the "tourist highways" been the forerunners of his mechanized forces.

I believe that the only way to build an American military highway system is to start with a "traffic-flow map" and let it guide us. It is fortunate for America that the very roads that are of most strategic value are those that today carry the heaviest civilian and industrial traffic. After the war they will continue to be heavily traveled, so that any necessary building we do now for defense will

[Continued on page 42]



Left, a grade separation near Detroit prevents a bottleneck that used to plague traffic authorities. At right, a bridge approach narrows the traffic

ILL WIND

A DOUBLE-BARRELED
IN LAKE

THE night had started quietly enough, here on the west shore of Lake Huron. Even the radio, standing open on emergency calling frequency above the watch desk at Harbor Bluff coast guard station had been silent all evening, even the old box telephone on the wall had not tinkled.

The wide doors of the boatroom, facing the lake, were shut and bolted. No light was visible from the beach except the station lamp in its square glass box atop a post in front of the quarters. It burned a ragged yellow hole in the drifting mist but the fog, thin as it was, blotted out its radiance at a hundred yards.

If any hint of trouble rode the damp southeast wind, to Number One Surfman Jim Johnson it was inaudible. Nor did he sense omens of either danger or distress in the lazy surf that broke monotonously, with a flat scraping sound, across the foot of the tracks on the launching way. To all appearance this was a peaceful shore, insulated by fog and small wind from any troubles or disasters. On a night as calm as this even the war seemed a long way off, far to the east, far across the low flat provinces of Canada.

If there was portent of danger in the stars that evening, no one could have read it here at Harbor Bluff, for the night was overcast, making a secret of

the sky. Secret, too, were the black lake waters; a hostile fleet could have ridden at anchor a quarter-mile off shore and no one on the beach been the wiser.

The wind had been southeast all day, blowing fretfully from Canada, and twice the station keeper had set it down on his log as "light to moderate." It carried brief, warm squalls of mid-summer rain and, as evening cooled, it had brought the ragged drifts of thin fog. A smell of fish and wet driftwood, of seaweed and damp sand-grasses rode the breeze, and somewhere in the darkness southward along the shore, a loon was crying.

It was like a thousand other quiet nights here at Harbor Bluff, since the day Jim Johnson first signed on for duty at the



He swung his light back to the fellow's face and stared at him

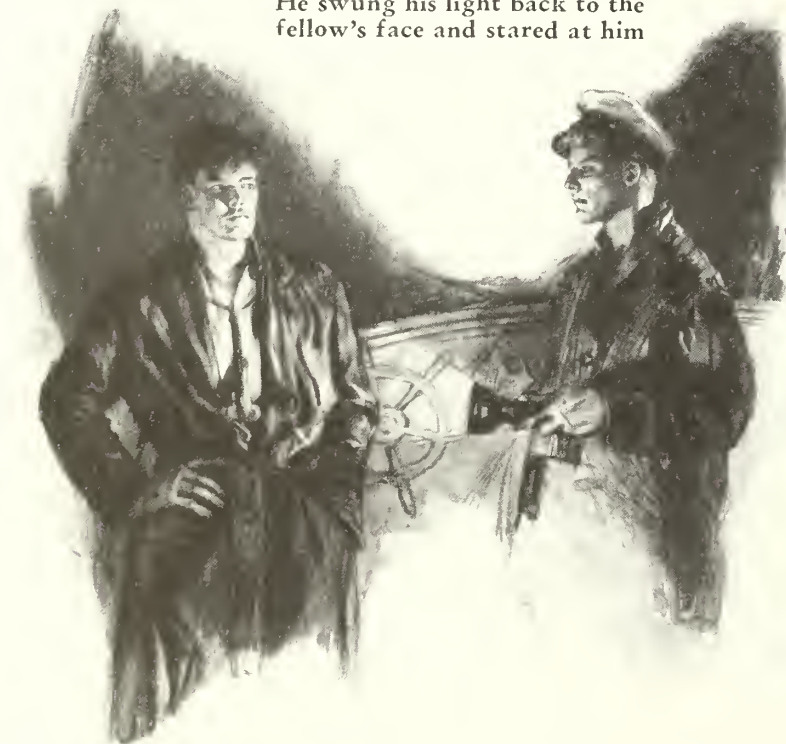
Illustrated by J. W. SCHLAIKJER

coast guard station twenty-one years ago. In the early days, he relished weather like this, when a man could stay snug ashore with nothing to worry him. There had been another war and he had come out of it hunting peace.

Now, at ten o'clock this August evening in 1941, he sat on the white steps in front of the quarters, a long bent shadow, sniffing the wind and arguing with the skipper, sitting beside him. Light of the station lamp blocked planes of deep shadow into his lean, hard face, a face leathery with the beatings it had taken down the years from unfriendly winds and waters.

"Be damned to the brass hats at Cleveland!" he told the skipper, sitting beside him. "What do they know? I'm good as I ever was. I ain't old, exactly, whatever they say!"

"Forty-nine ain't young exactly, neither," the skipper reminded him in a wet Scandinavian voice. He ducked his head and held his pipe under the flap of his pea jacket to light it again.



COAST GUARD RESCUE
HURON WATERS

By
KARL DETZER



With one quick movement he upset the dinghy and they all tumbled into the water

"Sitting here with a war on and doing nothing!" Jim persisted. "Why, it's eatin' on me!"

"Suits me perfect," the skipper said, sucking at his pipe stem. "I'm satisfied just to set. Leave the kids get their belly full of war and the Atlantic Ocean and the Nazis and all that. Like you done at their age. Me, I'm content. I'll catch up on my knittin'."

Jim snorted. He'd been over this argument with the skipper from start to finish a hundred times. It had begun in June, when the brass hats at Cleveland had called up the seven younger members of the crew and shipped them east for patrol duty on salt water with the rest of the young surfmen from the Lakes.

That left only three men here at Harbor Bluff, the oldest three, the skipper and Jim and old Bob Hagan. The skipper and Jim, you might as well say, for certainly Hagan wasn't worth much these days, afloat or ashore. He even stayed

in bed most of the time, doctoring his rheumatics and waiting for his pension. When it came through, he would leave Jim and the skipper alone and they'd sit on the tranquil shore, arguing endlessly while a lot of young squirts that didn't know anything about war sailed the cutters on Iceland patrol.

"Bunch of spindle-bottom kids!" Jim hollered. "And me here, me with plenty experience with Krauts!"

He stared out gloomily across the black lake. Canada lay off there, not forty miles away. And beyond Canada, the Atlantic. And in the Atlantic, Iceland. And beyond Iceland . . . but there must be plenty to do even in Iceland. Plenty. No stations over there with off-active-duty status. No stations there where all a man could find to do was to stand watch on telephone and radio receiver and cuss his luck. Dab a little white paint on the boats now and then. And argue. A man could argue, as long as there was one more man on station.

"Nothing to fret about," the skipper was saying. "With 'only three men they wouldn't expect us to launch the power boat, was all the ships in Lake Huron to go down!"

"Something to froth over in that fact, too," Jim said.

The southeast wind dropped for a moment and a brief new gust swung around the station quarters from the northwest, off-shore. "Um," the skipper said, glad to change the subject, "wind backin' up on herself. Keeps that up, be a fair day tomorrow. Easy on our joints."

"My joints is okay right now!" Jim flared. "Good enough to fight the Krauts! Good enough to pay 'em back for shootin' a deck out from under me last war, stickin' me down in the bilge of their filthy boat, lockin' me up in prison camp . . ."

"And feedin' you turnips," the skipper said wearily. He'd heard the story often enough, knew every shade of old Jim's
(Continued on page 52)



Insignia of the Naval Air Station at Pensacola, Florida



The duty officer's job looks easy, but . . .



The Commandant at the Station, Captain A. C. Read

PENSACOLA...



Last minute instructions before his first solo flight

By

**EDWARD M.
STEVENSON**

Art Director of The American Legion Magazine, who flew to Pensacola to make these sketches

THE YANKS are coming, they're coming by the hundreds. The flower of our youth, fine, upstanding, clear-eyed, eager and determined young men. They're coming to the Naval Air Station at Pensacola, Florida. They're coming to this Annapolis of the air to become combat pilots for Uncle Sam's fast-expanding Navy.

This training station during the last 18 months has had a vast transformation under the able guidance of Captain Albert C. Read, the Commandant who made the famous flight from Newfoundland in the big Navy NC-4 to Lisbon, Portugal, via the Azores, and more recently commanded the aircraft carrier *Saratoga* before coming to Pensacola. The station has been growing by leaps and bounds. Hangars, machine shops, foundries, barracks, hospital, recreation centers, nurses' homes, and all necessary elements to such a great facility have been built. These are real buildings. None of your jerry built, flimsy, frame shacks found in so many army camps, but substantial permanent brick buildings of excellent design. They're building air fields and more air fields. There are over twenty now, and more on the way, each designed for a definite purpose in the training program. Every day from early morning to night the air is filled with planes of the cadets and their instructors, all plugging away hard at the job of turning out fighter pilots.

The AMERICAN LEGION Magazine

In the high-altitude-flight testing chamber. Here's one that can easily break you



Typical cadet ready for flight, with all the paraphernalia



HERE WE COME!

There are sixteen or seventeen hundreds of cadets at the station. There are also over a thousand enlisted men receiving training to become machinist's mates and aviation metal smiths. The Navy must have large resources of men to service these eagles of the fleet.

The life of the cadet is a thrilling one and a tough one, calling on the best the men have in them.

This is no child's game they're playing; they've got to be physically fit right up to the last notch to make the grade. Hours of study and hours of flying, and there's kick in every bit of it.

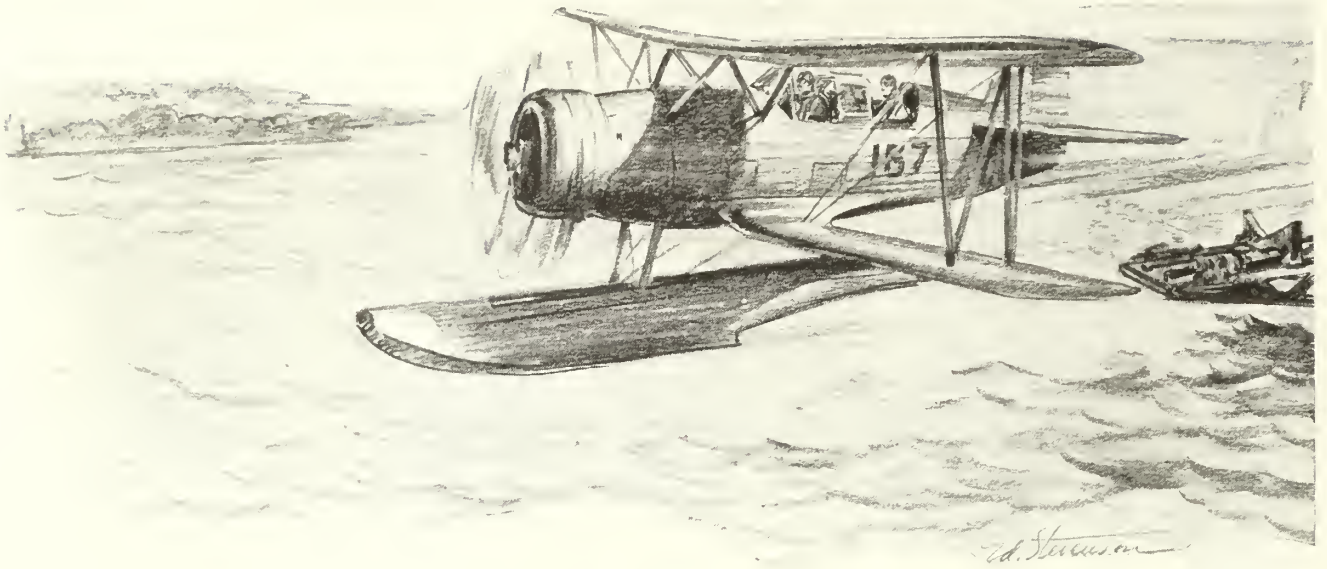
So far Uncle Sam is taking only those lads who have had two years of college or one year of college and three years of business. This automatically excludes a vast reservoir of fine young manhood, some of it every bit as fine as any now training. This seems regrettable in many ways when we recall that many of our Aces in the First World War had no college background.

Arriving from a Navy preliminary training center where their first flying experience has been had in small planes, the cadets generally come in groups of a hundred or more. The cadet is immediately given a rigid physical examination to determine his fitness and continuously thereafter a close check is kept on his condition throughout his course at the

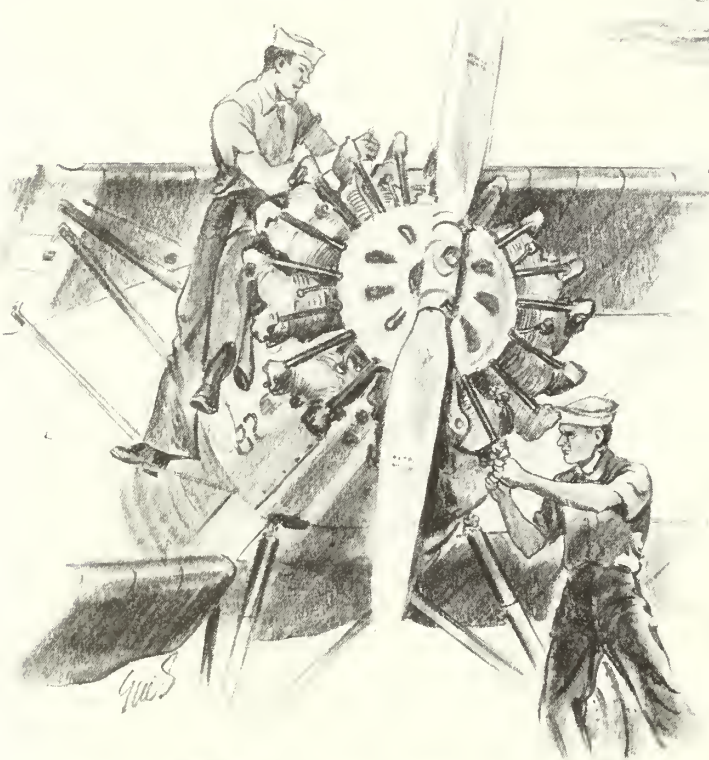


Formation-flight practice. Do this right and you're really good

Seaplane off the training catapult, simulat-
ing battleship flight conditions for the cadet



The careful engine-checkup
that precedes every flight



The little crash boat that
stands by for "squalls"



Rehearsing flight
instructions just
before taking off

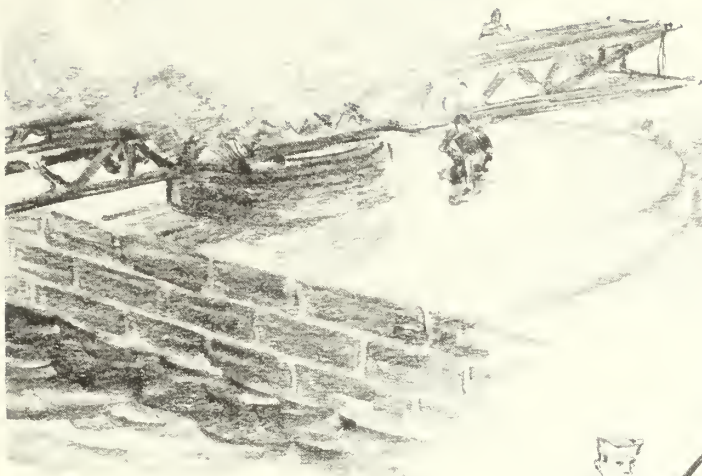
Air Station. Uncle Sam spends lots of money on a man to make him a fighter pilot and he guards the health of his cadets with care.

A cadet at Pensacola is treated with the same regard as a midshipman at Annapolis. His quarters are excellent. He has a roommate, the food is carefully balanced and the study halls and classrooms for technical work can't be beat by any college. There are fine club rooms and recreation facilities—bowling alleys, tennis courts and a baseball field. The cadet is required to have regular physical and athletic training a given number of hours a week under officer coaches, beside the hours he spends at it of his own volition.

The cadet among other things must know about engines. He's got to know what makes them tick. He gets a full appreciation of the complicated machine that furnishes the tremendous power needed to send his fighter or bomber hurtling through space and on which his life may depend.

He learns theoretically about all the various styles of planes used in the Navy. There is classroom work in bombing combat, observation scouting and photography. Battle conditions with the fleet are taught, fleet and aircraft forces and conditions are simulated and classified, various solutions of each are brought out and when our cadet has finally passed all training and has his wings, he knows what's what when he is ordered to the fleet for duty.

Dive bombing, the
very last word in
training at Pensacola



You've got to show credentials or
you don't get by. At left, a group
of would-be machinist's mates

It's a fascinating sight to stand near the duty officer in that land of sun and billowy clouds. That duty officer has a real job and he does it despite the seemingly indolent atmosphere of his chair under a big, white beach-type umbrella on a platform. His is the duty of controlling the smooth flow of cadets every hour to their planes with or without instructors and to see that the plane dispatching is orderly and safe.

Scores of planes take off in continuous procession—dual instruction, solo work, formation and tactical flying in varying degrees of advancement.

The sky over the Station, the city and all its surrounding territory is alive with planes. Here comes a flight of nine students. They gather at the bulletin board to check on their flight time and group. Their instructor gets them in a huddle and explains what they are to do that day, their direction signals and the course they are to fly. After taking the air individually they form up in groups of three in V formation. The instructor, in the front seat in the leading plane, directs the flight and watches all operations. Another instructor, called the chase pilot, flies around these formation groups, studies the handling of each plane and on returning to the field gives the cadets his criticism of their flying.

Donning parachute, helmet and goggles, I flew with one of (Continued on page 52)



Officer-instructor plotting courses
for cadets in navigation class

Somebody blundered and 35,000 Americans died and 1,300,000 were injured in traffic accidents in 1940. Stopping this senseless slaughter is a job for all of us



35,000 TOO MANY

THIS is written exclusively for people who travel on wheels and heels. There are so many of us and we are afraid to look!

I'd like to shock a few million-odd people and shock them so badly that they would exercise a little more caution, in order that life, limb and property on our highways and streets might be safer. Especially for this and next year. It's going to take a shock to bring this about and it might be a good idea to start with *you*.

Highway traffic disaster cannot continue at its present rate. No State, no community, is immune. The toll, as calculated in terms of human suffering and mental and physical anguish is calamitous—and growing. The statisticians, those calm, unexcited and unemotional individuals appraise the toll, day by day, week by week, month by month and the involved but accurate sorting and classification machines put down the essential but gory details of every highway accident involving death or injury. At

WHAT ONE CITY DID

ONE hundred sixty-four persons in Kansas City, Missouri, are today alive and happy, all because citizens and the police of that city determined to cut its motor-car loss of life 150 over five years. For the years 1933 and 1934, exactly 500 persons were killed by motor cars. For the five-year period following those years, the total killed numbered 334.

How? Strict enforcement of traffic laws, elimination of all ticket- (Continued on page 48)

the end of the year there is a file of cards—over a million and a quarter of them—which tell a tragic story: the unvarnished how, why and when of highway accidents, the unhappy account of 35,000 sudden deaths, of over 1,300,000 disabling accidents, the highway toll for the past year. No card, however, no calculating machine yet invented can estimate the tears, the hours of endless and avoidable pain and misery, the property loss involved in this national calamity that too many of us dismiss casually.

It can't happen to us, we say smugly. How wrong we are. One split second before the fatal crash or the damaging collision, every one of the 1,300,000 drivers who have and are paying the cost

probably could have said the same thing. *No one starts out to have an accident.* The accidents are unpremeditated.

The typical highway accident of 1940 differed in no appreciable extent from the same accident in former years—only there were more of them. Take a typical accident and examine the factors, if you please, and you may be inclined to look on this matter of highway casualties in a different light. Bear in

excellent brakes will point an indignant and accusing finger at the sober citizen—and his name is legion!—who drives a second-hand car or an ancient jalopy. All of us, rich and poor, young and old, princes and pikers, bankers and bakers—we are all too complacent.

Let's face some facts! Let's not be afraid to look!

The accident-driver in the typical accident was—a *man*. Men, too often, are accustomed to thinking of women as poor drivers, chance-takers. It may be a solid blow to our pet vanity to realize that nine out of ten highway accidents represent motor vehicles driven by men—but it's the truth.

How old was the driver, asks the man of fifty, the cautious driver who looks upon youth behind the wheel as a latent highway hazard. According to the record, he was neither a rattle-brained youth nor a doddering and timid oldster. Indeed, he was in the prime of life, *somewhere between twenty-five*

and sixty-four. In justice to and for the benefit of that fine citizen who fears youth, it is only proper and fitting to state that the proportion of accidents to the number of registered drivers in the age group of 18-24 was abnormally high. Nevertheless, the vast majority of drivers in both fatal and non-fatal accidents were in the middle-age group.

He must have been a newly-fledged car owner or rookie driver, the experienced driver may think. On the contrary! *Almost all* of 1940's drivers involved in accidents had been driving for *one year or more.*

Some unusual or dramatic circumstance obviously upset the driver's ability to control the speed and direction of the car—that does seem pretty apparent, doesn't it? Well, one thing about accident records is that they remove the necessity for considering anything as obvious—because they deal only with cold, verified facts. The typical accident didn't occur in a driving snowstorm, in a heavy fog or on an ice-covered highway. As a matter of fact *the typical accident occurred on a dry highway in clear weather.*

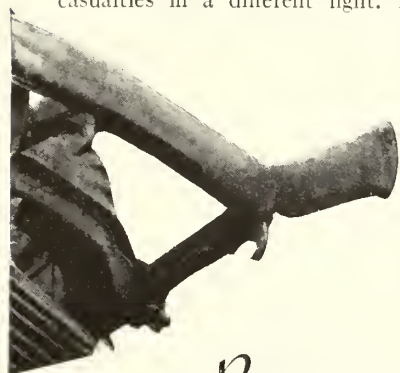
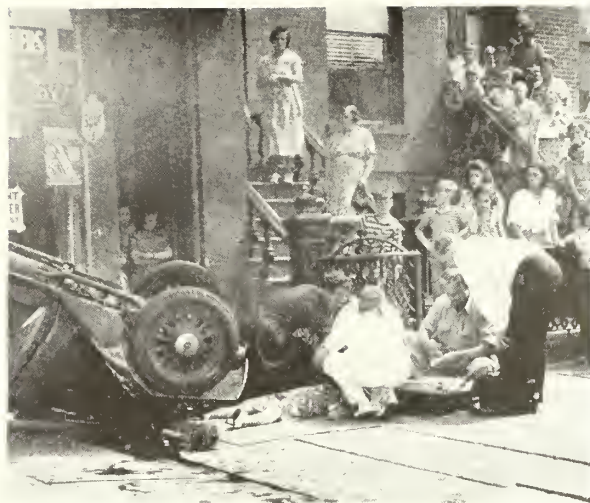
Ever hear a friend account for a highway accident? There's a class of alibis that is limited only by the imagination

(Continued on page 48)

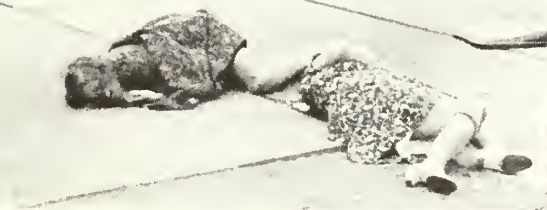
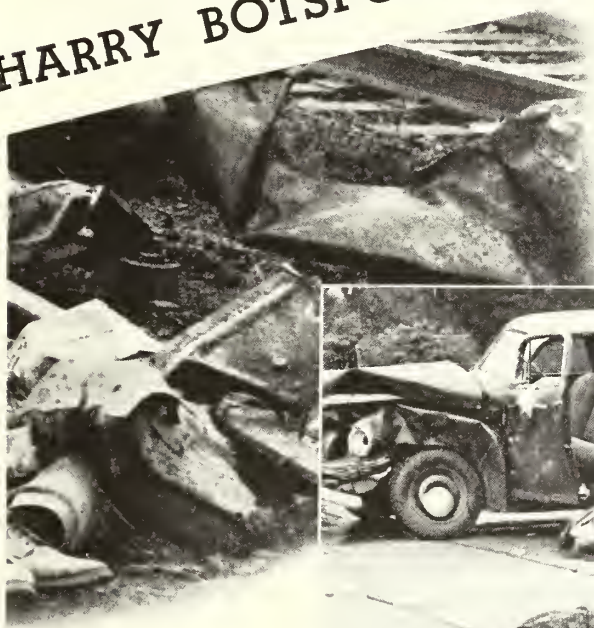
mind what is said is based on records of a most reputable character and they are not something a writer dreamed of or picked out of thin air. It is a literal account of a common, yes, the *most common* type of highway accident.

It may be convenient and a trifle reassuring for us to think of the people who are involved in traffic accidents as being a class apart, an alien group. The driver who is just learning to drive invariably thinks it is the older and more experienced driver who is at fault; the speed-hungry youth is convinced that the plodding, overly-cautious driver is the one at fault and the slow driver just knows that speeding is responsible. The man with a brand new car, new tires and

The pictures reproduced on these pages are shocking, but not nearly so shocking as the incredible carelessness that was responsible for these fatalities



By
HARRY BOTSFORD

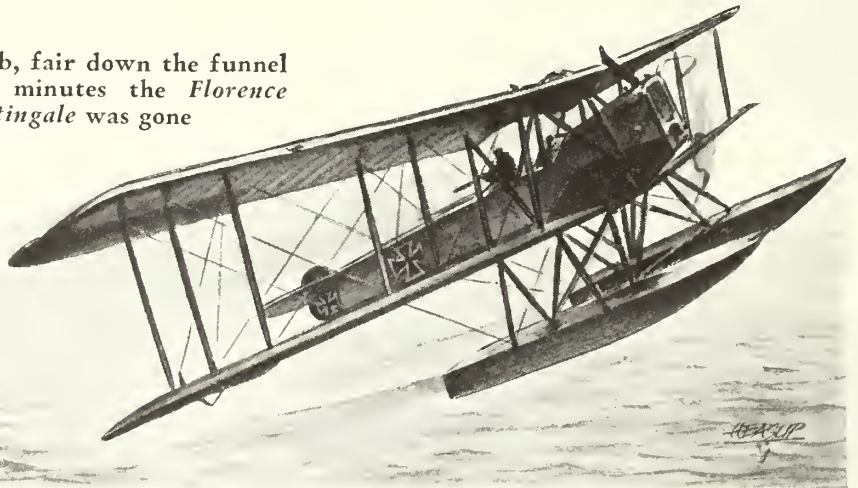


THE SHARPSHOOTER

By R. G. KIRK

Illustrations by WILLIAM HEASLIP

A single bomb, fair down the funnel
and in five minutes the *Florence
Nightingale* was gone



HIS squadron, celebrating, gave Neuhaus that nickname over twenty years ago, right after he sank the *Florence Nightingale*. That was a brilliant job. A single bomb, fair down her funnel. Five minutes, and the ship was gone.

Der Scharfschütze, they christened him—The Sharpshooter—with proper ointments out of creaming steins. But Neuhaus felt a twinge of guilt, knowing in secret that he had not quite fairly won his title. He had not sighted at the funnel of the *Florence Nightingale*. He had really missed his target. Most regrettable. To make an absolutely perfect hit had been his greatest obsession; and it seemed that this feat was to be denied him. Mid-war, Neuhaus cracked up. He fell in enemy territory and there remained a prisoner—very luckily. For back in his squadron sure disgrace awaited—suicide maybe. During the ghastly moments of his fiery crash the knowledge was seared into him that he could never muster up enough courage to fly again.

Neuhaus came to America when the war was over, hating Americans—one had shot him down—blaming America for the first defeat, planning to serve the Fatherland in America when The Day arrived. He found a job in the great steel plant at Eisen, Pennsylvania,

where his name would never rouse suspicion. He was amongst the Pennsylvania Dutch. From Eisen to a place called Germantown people with names like his have been staunch Americans since before the Revolution.

In fifteen years at the Eisen Steel Works Neuhaus rose to foreman of electrical repairs. He had held this job for several years before the world was set aflame again. Then he got orders from across the sea. Other men planted in American powder mills had done some splendid things. The time had come for him to do some splendid things in the steel mills at Eisen.

So on a certain night, when the shifts changed at twelve, Neuhaus climbed to the bridge of an open hearth pouring crane, where it lay quiet at the dim-lit gable end. The operator had climbed down from his cage. The next turn crane-man had not yet reported. Neuhaus, sure-footed, high up in the semi-dark close to the roof, came to the main hoist carriage. He was quite sure he had been unobserved. He unscrewed the nuts that clamped a hoisting cable to its winding drum.

A huge pot, brimming with a hundred and a quarter tons of molten steel, would be the crane's next lift. During the cautious pick-up hoist the friction of many turns of cable on the drum would hold

the load. But once the ladle rose free of its tapping stand a little space, the crane-man would apply full power to his motors. And when that vast crane, working to capacity, rumbled along its track, the whole great open hearth building felt a quiver in its bones. Heavy vibrations traveling to the loosened clamp would make the ill-held cable end pull free.

Then the infernal spill. A withering blast of flame. Swift spread across the mill floor of a seething lake which, as it cooled, would bind itself almost inseparably to all things in its path. When that appalling mess was finally cleared up the price of making steel to arm the enemies of The Superman whom Neuhaus served could be observed by all America. Death, too, would more than likely add his heavy figures to the costs, for he seldom failed attendance to such fiery disasters as an upset ladleful of molten steel.

But Death, it unexpectedly developed, would have to lend a hand to Neuhaus in advance if that great crane was to attempt its fatal lift. Sam Schafer, so it seemed, would have to die—Sam, who was one first-class American, and an A-No. 1 electric superintendent.

Neuhaus had come down from the crane, and was standing in the hollow of a column, waiting to see his beautiful catastrophe. Soon the midnight-shift

craneman would arrive, and not long after that. . . . But here, instead, was Schafer. He did not cross the mill to the craneman's ladder, with its protective cage; but breaking safety rules took the swiftest way aloft. He scaled the structural members of the gable end. Neuhaus watched from the shadow of his building column, and saw the long inquisitive finger of Sam's flash-light searching about. It came to rest at last upon the main hoist drum, and then it searched no more.

So Schafer knew. How he knew was, to Neuhaus, at that moment, unimportant. What was important was that Schafer must not ever reach the ground again with what he knew.

Neuhaus smiled. Neuhaus would see to that.

He had noticed that Schafer, climbing to the crane, had put his hands on steel that would have, ordinarily, meant sure death. A yard or so below the crane track a pair of light steel angles, one above the other, paralleled the runway rail. Their job was to carry current for the cranes—a very deadly current. But Schafer had reached out cross-corner from the gable end and taken hold of one; had swung himself over to them, and used them like a pair of ladder rounds to finish his ascent. He was entirely safe, for they were not in use. New type electrical conductors, erected on the other side of the mill, were being tested. The ground switch that controlled the current to the old conductors had been thrown open, the switch-box had been closed and locked, and all keys to it were secure in Schafer's desk. Thus Schafer was the one man in the plant who could be absolutely sure that it was safe to touch those angles.

One exception. Neuhaus secretly had a few master keys which would open every switch-box in the plant. He opened one now, which was bolted to the column in whose hollow he was standing. Inside it gleamed the ground-switch to the old conductor bars.

Sam Schafer now was starting toward the ground. Again he used the dead conductors as a ladder. Again his feet found solid rest below them. His left hand clamped upon the lower angle, his right reached out cross-corner and found a firm grip on the building steel. Now to let go left hand, swing over to the gable end, and go down by the same steel he had climbed. But even as his left hand started to relax a horrible cramp made every finger clench in agony and sudden shattering torture racked Sam Schafer to the bones. Neuhaus had thrown in the deadly current.

Sam Schafer's head jerked backward, and his body writhed, flinging both feet

(Continued on page 38)



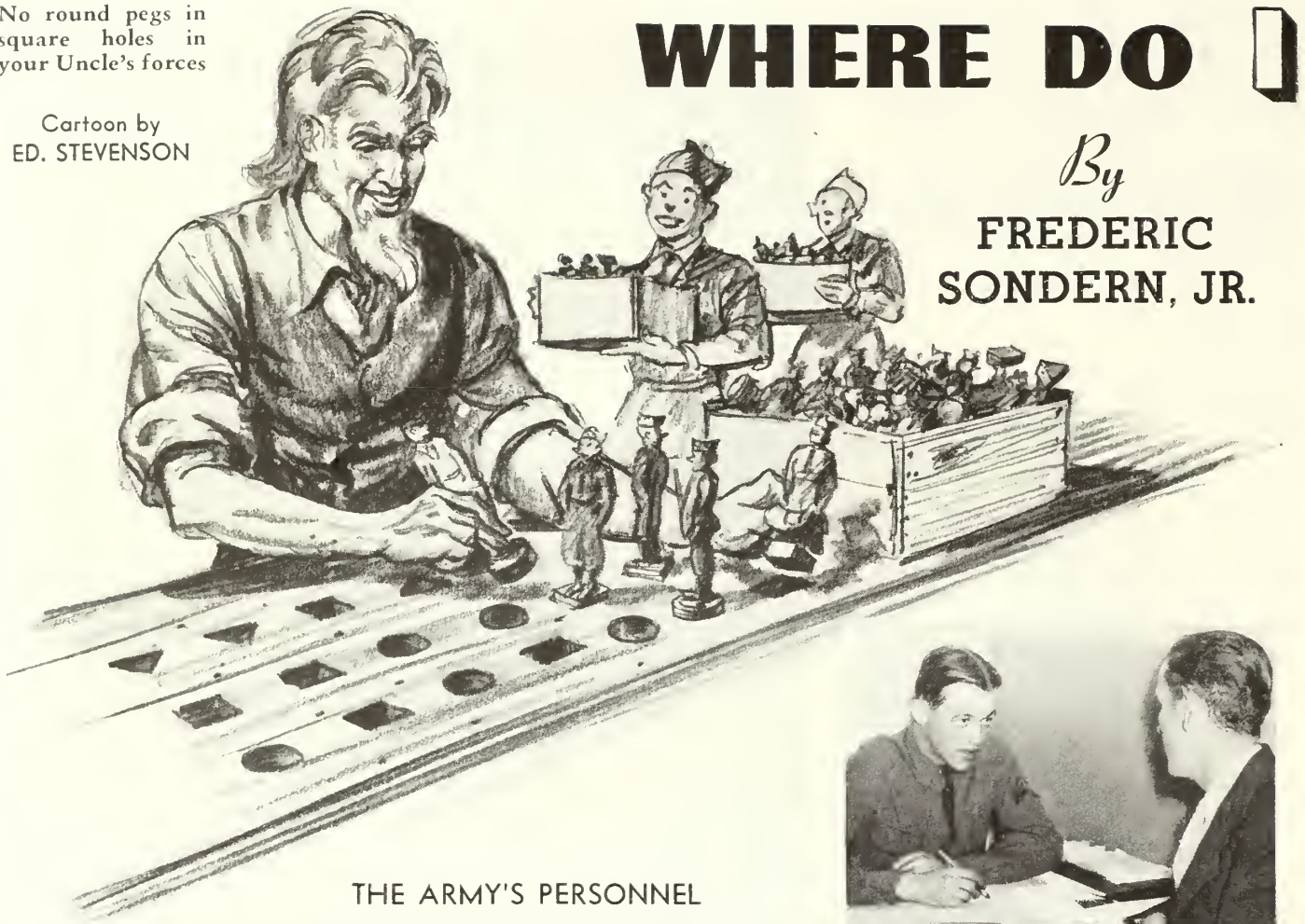
He seemed to be merely substituting one way to die for another

No round pegs in
square holes in
your Uncle's forces

Cartoon by
ED. STEVENSON

WHERE DO

By
**FREDERIC
SONDERN, JR.**



THE ARMY'S PERSONNEL SYSTEM IS GETTING THE RIGHT MAN IN THE RIGHT PLACE

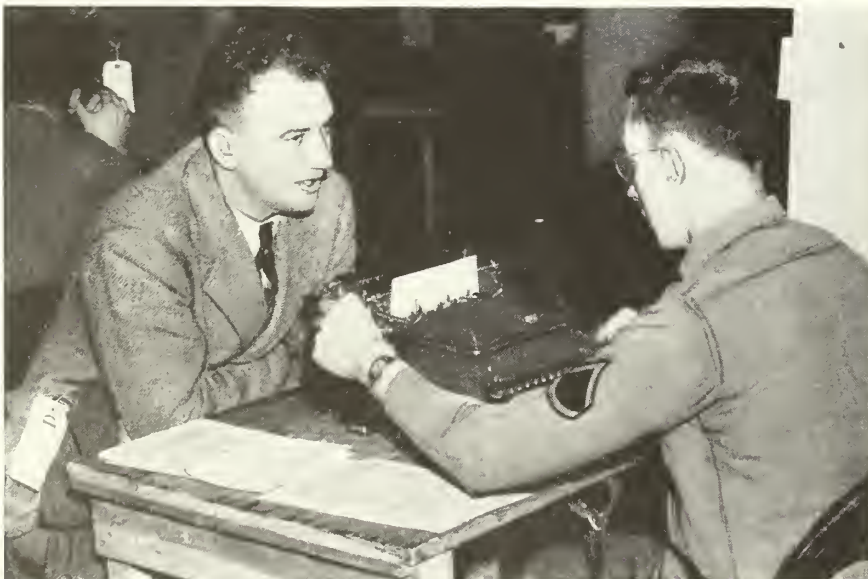
AFTER months of experiments, of trial and error, the personnel system of the United States Army—which places the draft-ee and the enlisted man where he can work most efficiently—is fast becoming the world's best. The modern war machine, with its experts and specialists,

needs the right man in the right place on the right team. For the first time in our Army's history, this classification and selection of manpower is made as scientifically and thoroughly as it is in our big business corporations.

All this has been the achievement of a determined few in the War Department



A thorough individual interview with each selectee determines his proper classification in the Army. Below, left, a Qualification Card is made out



who, under pressure of Europe's lessons, overcame the older officers' ingrained resistance to change and their suspicion of modern business methods. A group of exceptional researchers and administrators—under Dr. C. C. Brigham of Princeton, Dr. H. E. Garrett of Columbia, and Dr. L. L. Thurstone of the University of Chicago—have set up a system for the War Department which bids fair to be superior even to that of the German General Staff.

Under this system the man most suited to drive a tank eventually finds himself in the Armored Corps, the radio specialist in the Signal Corps, and the speaker of many languages in the School of Cryptography, where the codes and ciphers of other nations are broken down and analyzed.

GO FROM HERE, BOYS!

A commander who needs a parachute mechanic, a blaster and powderman, a meteorologist, or an aerial photographer, can get men fully qualified for these jobs as easily as the executive of a big corporation can get stenographers or accountants. Mistakes are still being made and men miscast, but they are few and quickly rectified. All through the service, officers are being educated—from the reserve lieutenant to the Regular Army colonel—to watch for and make full use of the unusual talent in every field which the draft is bringing into our forces. This time the personnel system, developed with the help of the country's outstanding civilian experts, will save us the terrible misuse of men with special abilities which so decreased our efficiency in the last war.

The classification of the raw draftee begins at his Reception Center, where he is given the General Classification Test, a compact written intelligence examination which lasts for about an hour. It is a much improved version of the old I. Q. quiz, the result of years of work by some of our foremost scientists and tried experimentally in thousands of cases. Its arithmetic problems and various tests of perception, ingenuity, power of analysis, of vocabulary and general knowledge run through the whole scale, from very simple to very difficult ones that even the college graduate finds it hard to answer correctly. It puts the draftee into one of five Intelligence Grades. Figures from a typical Reception Center show that 13 percent make Grade I—"very superior, officer material;" 40 percent get Grade II—"superior, non-commissioned officer material;" 27 percent are placed in Grade III—"average;" 13 percent in Grade IV—"inferior;" and 7 percent in Grade V—"very inferior, for observation, special assignment, or discharge." That is a showing which the German army would envy.

After this basic examination, the draftee meets—in a private booth—a "classification interviewer" who fills in his Soldier's Qualification Card, the elaborate filing card which will follow him around during the rest of his military career. Onto this card go the details of his education, of his knowledge of foreign languages, his former occu-



As each new group of inducted men reaches a Reception Center, it is assembled to hear a general talk by an officer of the post

pations and degree of success in them, particulars of any position in which he may have had authority over other men, his hobbies, favorite sports, musical or theatrical talents, previous military training if any, and his grade in the General Classification Test. It is a compact but exhaustive catalogue.

If the interviewer is not satisfied that the man who claims to be an expert photographer or a tool maker is really qualified, he gives him the appropriate Trade Test, an ingenious examination which the War Department has compiled for almost every specialty. The would-be photographer, for example, is asked about the characteristics of certain types of films and developing baths. The would-be tool maker is asked what a "button" is used for, or how much tolerance a "push-fit" must have. The interviewer has the correct answer in his Test Book. Even if he himself is entirely ignorant of the trade involved, he can judge pretty well how much the draftee knows about it.

When the Personnel System began, this vitally important interview and the Qualification Card were too often in the hands of a zealous but ignorant veteran non-com. That has been radically changed. The Classification Officers who have charge of the examinations are now specially picked from the younger reservists for their experience in personnel management, industrial psychology and related fields. They may be trained in

Washington under some of the country's outstanding personnel experts, loaned by private industries as dollar-a-year men, or specially commissioned for the job. These officers then choose and train assistants from the most intelligent of the draftees. At Camp Upton, for example, all of the 20 examiners are college men of the highest grade, and three of them are Ph. D.'s. The examinations they give are careful and intelligent.

After the interviewer has done his job, the Qualification Card goes to the Classification Officer. John Smith, it appears, had graduated from law school and passed his bar examinations. The Army has plenty of lawyers, however, and not much use for them. But Smith, somewhere along the line, had been employed for almost a year as a teletype operator. That knowledge is useful to the Signal Corps, for teletypewriters connect army posts all over the country. The Classification Officer marks on Smith's card a recommendation that he be sent as a specialist to the Signal Corps. Edward Jones was a chief usher in a movie palace. There is nothing there to mark him for one of the 290 Military Specialties ranging from "Automobile Mechanic—Diesel," "Installer - Repairman — Telephone and Telegraph," to laundry foreman, riveter, surveyor, to X-ray photographer. His "superior" grade in the General Qualification Test, and the fact that he supervised thirty ushers under him,

(Continued on page 46)



THE ADMIRAL

By

A. C. M. AZOY

Barras. To his letter the wily French general penned a portentous postscript: "The south-westerly trade winds and the distressed state of Virginia will probably lead you to prefer Chesapeake Bay, and it is there that we think you can render the greatest services, aside

from the fact that you are only two days from New York."

Francois Joseph Paul, lazing under the awninged quarterdeck of his great 100-gun flagship *Ville de Paris*—the largest man-o'-war then afloat—could be wily too, and read between the lines of his brother officer's communication with complete understanding. That night his answer was speeding north on a fast frigate: He hoped to sail on August 3d for the Chesapeake—"the point which appears to me to be indicated by you, Monsieur le Comte, and by MM. Washington, de Luzerne and de Barras, as the one from which the advantage you propose may be gained." Heroic events

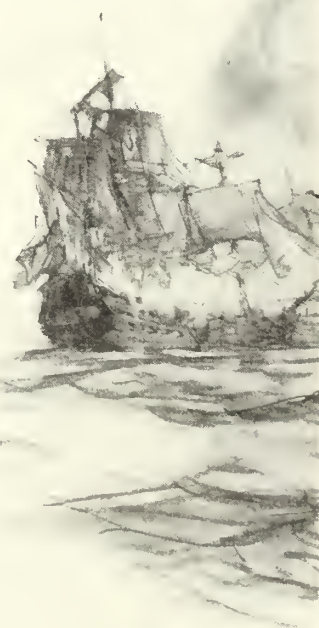
ON THE first day of August in 1781 a French admiral in Haiti wrote a letter to a French general in the United States, and the whole pattern of American history was abruptly changed. The admiral was Francois Joseph Paul, Comte de Grasse, Marquis de Tilly (nicknamed "the French Rodney"), and to him as much as to any man—not excluding George Washington—can be credited the decisive action that ended England's rule over her rebellious Yankee colonies, after six years of revolution.

The spring and summer of '81 found the main bodies of the opposing American and British troops stalemated around New York City. Sir Henry Clinton and his Redcoats were inside and couldn't get out and General Washington and his Continentals were outside and couldn't get in, and nobody seemed quite sure what to do about it. Cornwallis was ravaging through the South, held only slightly in check by Lafayette and a

Colonial division, but neither force was of any use to its compatriots in the North.

Washington, with the French troops under Comte de Rochambeau which Arnold's smashing victory at Saratoga had brought to him as allies, was rather inclined to besiege Manhattan. Word had come that a great French fleet under de Grasse would sail up from the West Indies in the fall; maybe with its help New York could be taken, and then undivided attention could be given to Cornwallis, who was for the moment busily engaged in establishing a naval base at Yorktown, Virginia, up the York River from Chesapeake Bay.

This plan did not appeal to Rochambeau, who felt that a southern campaign offered better chances of final success to the American cause, but he finally acceded to Washington's desires and wrote to de Grasse to bring his fleet against New York without delay, where he would be joined by additional French ships from Newport, under Admiral de



Illustrated by
W. J. Aylward

AT YORKTOWN

have frequently sired more heroic words, but never any more heavily fraught with fate.

When Rochambeau reported de Grasse's reply to Washington and the commander-in-chief realized that he was unwittingly committed to a southern expedition, his red-haired temper broke its sedulously disciplined bonds. His famous outbursts of anger against the retreating troops after the battle of Long Island and again against General Lee at Monmouth seemed joyful carolings beside the fury that now sent him raging to the seclusion of his quarters, where for two days he bitterly refused himself to all callers. Then he decided he had better make the best of what he was sure was a bad job, and ordered his allied command onto the road that would eventually lead him victorious into Yorktown.

Meanwhile de Grasse had embarked three thousand infantrymen, a hundred each of artillerymen and dragoons, ten field pieces and a varied assortment of mortars and siege guns from the French

garrison under Saint-Simon at Santo Domingo, and on August 5th swung his twenty-eight ships of the line into the Old Bahama Channel on a secret course to the Virginia Capes.

Rumors of this soon reached English ears, and there was a frantic to-do among King George's seamen. Admiral Lord Arbuthnot commanding the royal squadron at New York was away on leave, and so was the great Rodney, who had charge of the Barbados station; to their respective successors, Rear Admirals Thomas Graves and his jealous junior, Samuel Hood, was thus thrown full responsibility to thwart this unlooked-for activity on the part of the

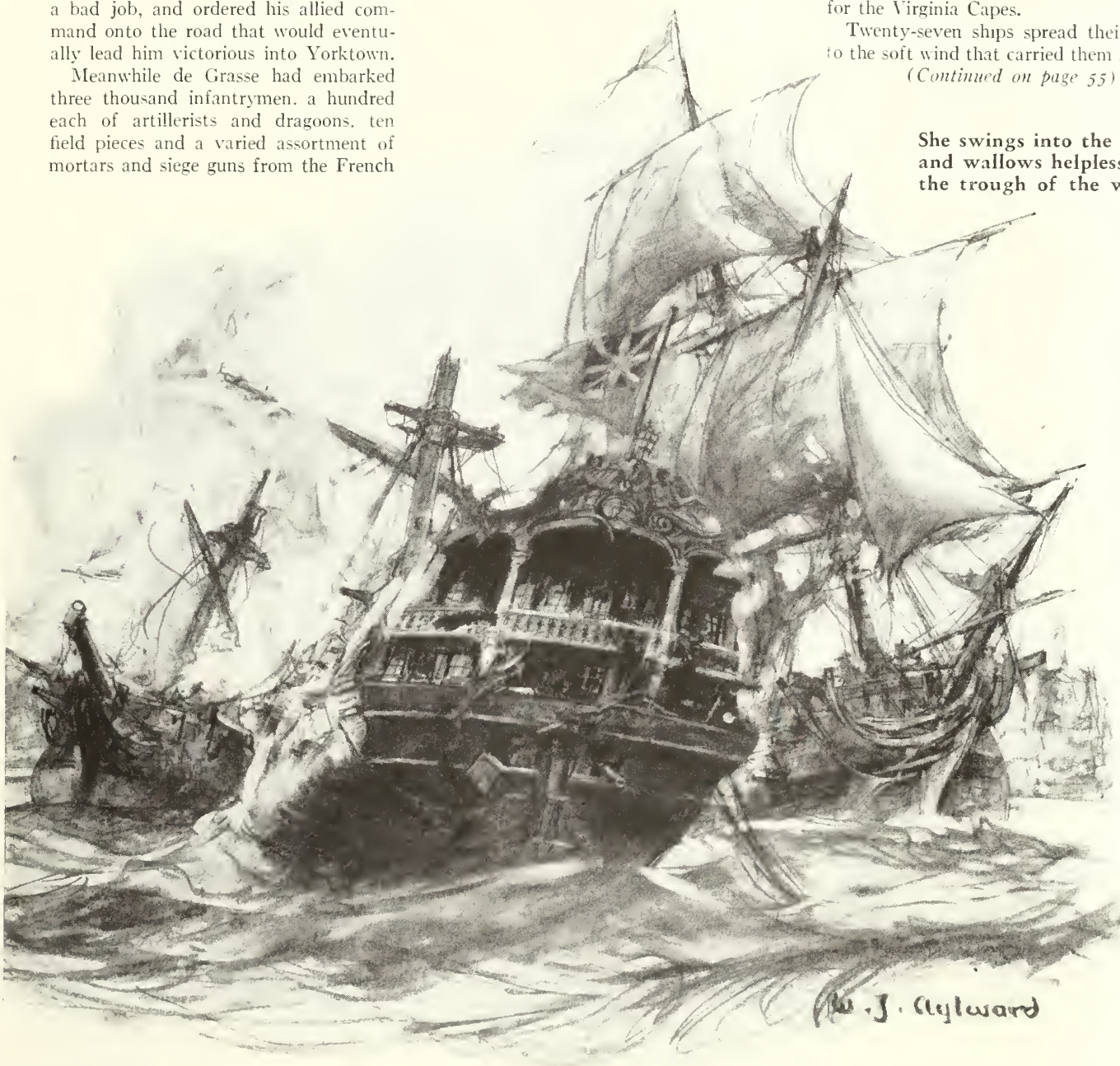
French. In nervous haste messages, suggestions, pleas and orders for various rendezvous between the British squadrons were issued, revised, countermanded and re-issued. Graves would meet Hood at the Chesapeake . . . Hood would join Graves at Sandy Hook . . . perhaps both commanders should take their ships to Newport. Eventually Hood sailed for the Virginia coast, hoping to meet Graves en route; when this hope proved fruitless he continued on to New York where he found his missing compatriot safe at anchor.

The situation was serious; Washington was now known to be hurrying south with his American and French armies to aid Lafayette against Cornwallis, de Barras was supposed to have left Newport with the same end in view, and de Grasse was God knew where. It behooved the English tars to move quickly and on August 31st Graves led his own and Hood's vessels out of Sandy Hook for the Virginia Capes.

Twenty-seven ships spread their sails to the soft wind that carried them slowly

(Continued on page 55)

**She swings into the wind
and wallows helplessly in
the trough of the waves**



Shades of PAUL JONES!

UNQUESTIONABLY in time of emergency John Paul Jones has always returned to earth to visit our battle fleet. Unquestionably the admiral has wandered from deck to deck in awed pride and amazement, murmuring, "The Navy's not what it was in my day." His feeling was no different from mine.

Almost forty years ago I swam half way across the Mississippi River to enlist in the Navy. I remained in the service on active duty until 1922; since then on inactive duty, although subject to call in time of emergency. Serving on every class of vessel from torpedo boat to battleship, my time saw sail depart, witnessed submarines developing from a hazardous experiment to a necessary part of the operating fleet, beheld the Navy take wings, watched target practice transformed from a haphazard drill, hated fore and aft, to complicated mathematical and mechanical problems.



Leaving active service seventeen years ago, I thought, "Boy, the Navy's not what she used to be!" But, then, it now appears to me, it never was.

SINCE 1922 I have been privileged to witness one Fleet Battle practice. Only then could I appreciate the magnitude of the advances made in forty years. While a majority of these changes were beginning to take place during my time, they came so gradually as to be almost unnoticeable by one so close to them.

The chief petty officers' quarters, where I messed and berthed on this occasion, were a revelation to me. Those of no Admiral were fitted with so many comforts and conveniences forty years ago. In one corner was a fireplace—electric, to be sure, but none the less a fireplace—with an illusion of flickering flames. There was a radio, an electric phonograph, a table piled with newspapers and periodicals, and—shades of Paul Jones!—a sea-going pool-table, with steel discs in lieu of ivory balls.

However, these items are not furnished at government expense, but come from profits of the ship's store, where articles such as candy, tobacco, toilet accessories, and stationery are sold to the crew at a slight advance over purchase price.

At nine P. M. a messman brought a chocolate layer-cake, together with two pots of coffee, and one of cocoa. During my time cake was served on holidays only, but this is now a nightly custom. The chief petty officers must pay for such extras from their own pockets, since their ration allowance is the same as that of other enlisted men.

The chief master at arms (ship's chief of police) came in. Replying to someone's



question, he shook his head. "Not back yet. Too bad, and him so close to retirement." From comments about the table I realized that a chief petty officer, failing to return on time from shore leave, was now 'breaking liberty.' I soon understood that this was a thing almost unheard of in the Navy of today. It simply isn't tolerated.

Long before I went to inactive duty, liberty-breaking had become infrequent, although it was still the most common offense. When I first entered the service, it was considered logical that on payday a man should remain ashore till his

money was gone. Then he would return, to be punished by having to stay on board three months. That is, provided he managed to get back within ten days; beyond that he was subject to a court martial. It was often said by officers, "Liberty-breakers are the backbone of the ship. They stay on the beach a week or ten days. Then we've got them for three months, and know just where to look when there's a mean job."

Vastly different is the present attitude from that of Captain Murdock of the *Rhode Island*, on which battleship I made the fleet trip-around-the-world in 1907-'00. A strict but fair disciplinarian, he had one hobby; if a man broke liberty less than seven days, but upon return could give a hitherto unheard of reason for his misdemeanor, that man escaped punishment. Alarm clocks that didn't go off, doctors' certificates vouching for an all but fatal illness, missed or delayed trains—those were out, worn threadbare.

Captain Murdock seldom had to exercise clemency. Only an inspired fool or a genius could furnish him, who had been playing this game of tag with sailors for forty years, with a fresh, and yet at least a semi-logical, excuse.

In Sydney, Australia, the round-the-world fleet was entertained prodigiously. Every organization, government and private, wished to pay honor to the U. S. ships. So many festivities were available, that in order to insure representatives of the fleet, men were detailed to attend this dinner, that theater, the other excursion. Ashore with a pocketful of money from a lovely crap game, I celebrated all too well. At eleven o'clock in the morning I awoke. I should have been on board, clean and sober, at eight. Being neither at eleven, I had a few nips at "the hair of the dog that bit me." Then I decided I might as well be hung for a sheep as a lamb. I stayed ashore. Only when the financial rocks did my conscience begin



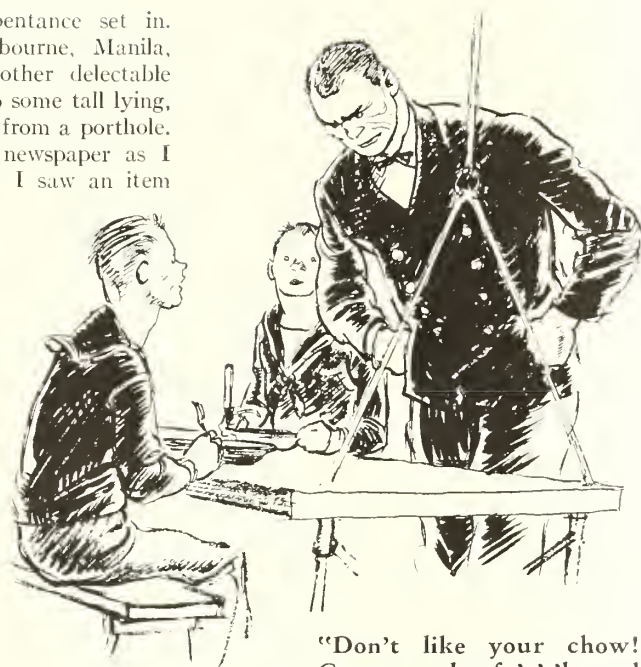
to worry me and repentance set in. Ahead of us lay Melbourne, Manila, Yokohama, Colombo, other delectable ports. Unless I could do some tall lying, I must do my visiting from a porthole.

Glancing through a newspaper as I drank my final Scotch, I saw an item that brought hope. I clipped it and stowed it in a pocket. Then I returned on board. The following day, with a score of other miserable sinners, I went to punishment mast. Time after time, I heard Captain Murdock intone "'Three months' restriction to the ship." . . . Allah be with me! It was my turn. "Anything to say, Paynter?" he asked.

With the most engaging frankness I handed him the clipping. It stated that four nights ago, due to an error in arrangements, but one American sailor had attended a banquet prepared for five hundred, and that he had been dragged in. "You see, Captain," I explained, "in order to uphold our Navy traditions, I had to eat and drink for the whole five hundred. It made me pretty sick, so that I couldn't get back on time. I'm awfully sorry, sir."

Of course, he knew I was lying. But a glint of admiration came into his blue eyes. "Dismissed," he said.

I am quite sure that more than seventy-five percent of the offenses committed by myself and other enlisted men of forty years ago had their origin in liquor. At that time the return of a liberty party immediately after payday was a sight worth seeing. The entire ship's police force assembled at the head of the port gangway—some to search sailormen for bottles, some to aid the wobbly-



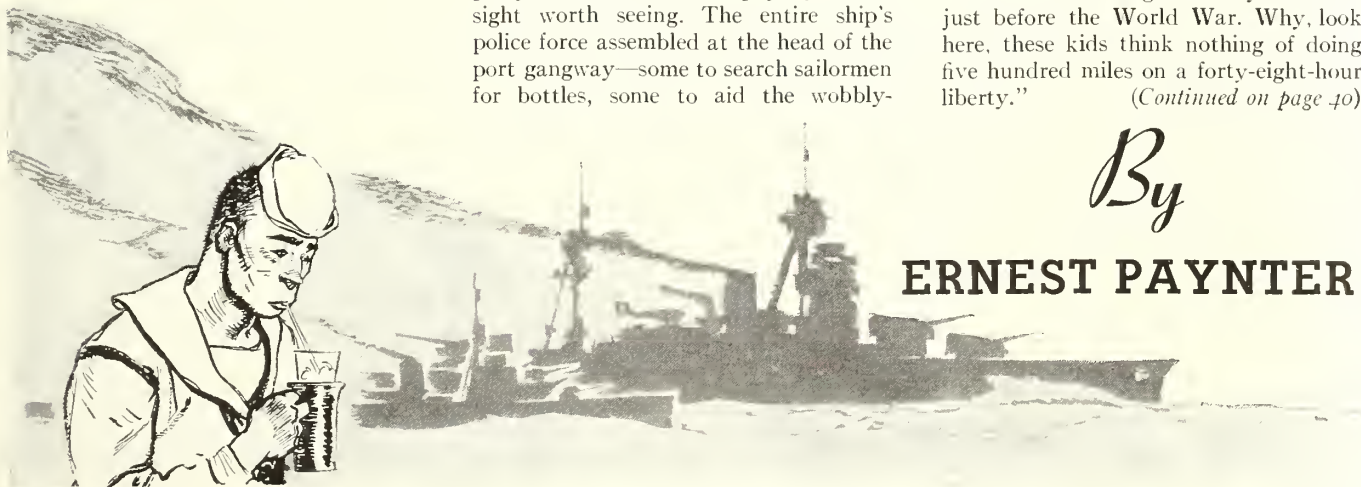
"Don't like your chow! Come to the fo'c's'le and tell me that!"

legged, others to accommodate such as wished to give battle.

"That's pretty well out now," a chief water tender of twenty-four years' service told me at the mess table. "I've been on this battle-wagon five years. In that time just one of my gang has returned from liberty unfit for duty. I let him get away with it that once. I wouldn't again, and he knows it. With everything running at high speed, we simply can't afford to have men around whose wits are in the least befuddled."

"Don't they drink as much as they used to, even if they do manage to come on board shipshape?" I asked him.

"They can't afford autos and liquor too. I believe more than half of the men on this craft either own machines or rent them when they hit the beach. They can't buy both gas and whiskey, so the whiskey's pretty well out. Oh, they do drink, of course. But nothing like they did even just before the World War. Why, look here, these kids think nothing of doing five hundred miles on a forty-eight-hour liberty." (Continued on page 40)



By

ERNEST PAYNTER



JEST NUTS

By Wallgren



TO THE
GUARD-
HOUSE
← &
COMPANY
BARBER
SHOPPE

OUR NAVY

EDITORIAL

PROUDLY the American people will celebrate Navy Day this year. As usual it will be observed on October 27th, birthday of Theodore Roosevelt, who did so much while President of the United States and in the years following that service to show all of us how important it was that we keep the Navy at concert pitch every day of every year.

At the close of the First World War the United States had unquestionably the strongest water-borne force in the world. With the conquering of Germany and the removal of any present threat to world peace, we persuaded the principal naval powers of the world to limit their new building, we ourselves dropping to parity with Britain and persuading Japan to accept a tonnage total three-fifths that of the two leaders. Under that agreement many of our ships in process of building were allowed to rust away. The fifty over-age destroyers we sent to Britain last year were salvaged from that discard.

In time Japan served notice that she would no longer be bound by the 5-5-3 agreement. Her militaristic adventures on the Asiatic continent, those of Mussolini in Abyssinia, and the various bloodless victories of Hitler failed to dent the complacency of the peace-at-any-price

people through the lean thirties that followed the lush twenties. Fortunately, lay opinion did not hamstring the Navy as it did the Army, which over the years had to take a pushing-around by newspaper columnists and individual Senators and Congressmen who abused their privileges of free expression to exploit their pet theories. The lay "experts" didn't bedevil the Navy.

When finally in 1940 the money was made available for a two-ocean sea force, the first line of America's defense went ahead with the expansion quietly and with the utmost efficiency.

The two-ocean Navy won't be up to its full strength for something like four or five years, but in the meantime—

There has never been a day since the Armistice of 1918 when the United States Navy was not ready to defend our national interests in any quarter of the globe where those interests might be imperiled. As it faces the strenuous tasks of a patrol service that may at any time call for the utmost in devotion, we say, and are certain that every civilian and every man in the senior service (that's the United States Army) will echo the sentiment, "Thank God for the United States Navy!"

THE SHIP OF STATE

IN connection with the celebration of Navy Day it is perhaps not inappropriate to quote here the beautiful lines from Longfellow's The Building of the Ship in which the Government of the United States is likened to a majestic vessel breasting the waves and riding out the storm.

Thou, too, sail on, O Ship of State!

Sail on, O UNION, strong and great!

Humanity with all its fears,

With all the hopes of future years,

Is hanging breathless on thy fate!

We know what Master laid thy keel,

What Workman wrought thy ribs of steel,

Who made each mast, and sail, and rope,

What anvils rang, what hammers beat,

In what a forge and what a heat

Were shaped the anchors of thy hope!

Fear not each sudden sound and shock,

"Tis of the wave and not the rock;

"Tis but the flapping of the sail,

And not a rent made by the gale!

In spite of rock and tempest's roar,

In spite of false lights on the shore,

Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea!

Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee,

Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,

Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,

Are all with thee—are all with thee!



For God and Country, we associate ourselves together for the following purposes: To uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States of America; to maintain law and order; to foster and perpetuate a one hundred percent Americanism; to preserve the memories and incidents of our association in the Great War; to inculcate a sense of individual obligation to the community, state and nation; to combat the autocracy of both the classes and the masses; to make right the master of might; to promote peace and good will on earth; to safeguard and transmit to posterity the principles of justice, freedom and democracy; to consecrate and sanctify our comradeship by our devotion to mutual helpfulness. — PREAMBLE TO THE CONSTITUTION OF THE AMERICAN LEGION



POISON

By
**PHIL
CONLEY**



THE AMERICAN CITIZEN

VOL. 1

NO. 1

1917

Governor Gets First Certificate



Pictured above is Governor Neely with a group of men receiving a certificate from the American Legion's Home Defense Column. Those taking part in the presentation, which took place on February 21, are Governor Neely, who is receiving the certificate from Department Commander R. C. Hall and, in the background, Dr. Stanley Hamer, department adjutant, and Phil Conley, chairman of the Home Defense Committee.

AN EDITORIAL

This is the first number of The American Citizen, a publication that is being issued by the Home Defense Committee of The American Legion. We hope you like it. We shall be glad to have your frank opinion of it, your constructive criticisms, and your helpful suggestions.

The creed of this committee is: "To promote interest in love of country, patriotism, and American ideals; to stimulate unity, cooperation and activity on the part of all citizens; to emphasize the fact that liberty, freedom and democracy impose responsibilities on all who enjoy them; to teach the fundamental principles of the American way, and to lend every assistance possible to constituted authorities in suppressing saboteurs, ferreting out fifth column

movements, and offsetting subversive propaganda."

The American Legion is the logical organization to assume responsibility in promotion of interest in home defense. This fact is borne out in the preamble to the constitution of the Legion: "... to maintain law and order; to foster and perpetuate a hundred per cent Americanism; ... to inculcate a sense of individual obligation to the community, state and nation; ... to safeguard and transmit to posterity the principles of justice, freedom and democracy."

Since the formation of the Home Defense Committee, more than one thousand Legionnaires have supported its program by enrolling as members. Why not fill out your application blank and mail it today?

Neely Plays "Total War"

By Phil Conley

It is not often that an address of such great dramatic power is heard in West Virginia as a recent one made by Governor Matthew M. Neely. Governor Neely, speaking at a recent public meeting, said:

"This is the most momentous, perilous hour recorded in the history of this nation. Here thousands across the world see the world as on fire and the faces of countless millions of confused and terrified men and women grow deathly pale in the ghastly light of the awful conflagration, which comes nearer and nearer to the American people with every passing hour."

In referring to the total war being carried on by the diabolical nations, he said: "In Europe, Asia and Africa brutal, diabolically armed, scientifically trained, merciless to man and defiant to God, is ruthlessly enacting every principle of democratic government; relentlessly destroying every human right; remorselessly trampling every vestige of liberty under its iron-fisted feet."

Continuing his address, Governor Neely said: "Those who are unwilling to shoulder their responsibility by living in a fool's paradise of false security can no longer doubt that it is Hitler's purpose to make himself the supreme ruler of the world and all the people in it the submissive slaves of the German Reich."

Governor Neely's speech should serve as a clarion call to those who love their country. Such these are not the words of a rabble rousing incendiary. These are the calm, deliberate words of an experienced and able statesman. These words should, more than ever, focus our attention on national defense. But let us not forget that preparedness begins in the home and in the school.

A decade ago, those who minimized Hitler's potency, would have ridiculed the thought that, in the short span of ten years, this madman would have murdered eight thousand Jews and proceeded to murder a thousand more until they were forced to flee their country, imprisoned seven hundred Protestant ministers and eight thousand Catholics.

(Continued on Page 4)

The monthly tabloid newspaper got out by the Home Defense Committee of the Legion's West Virginia Department

a result of the conflict between the North and the South. The people living in Virginia west of the Alleghenies were loyal to the Federal government. If they had not been, there might have been a different story to tell as a result of the fratricidal strife.

During that struggle there was again a need for a home guard. While some thirty thousand men from this State fought for the Union, about eight thousand joined the Confederate forces. Home defense was a necessity because armies from both sides moved back and forth along the streams and over the rough highways in the mountains.

Before the United States entered the

First World War on April 6, 1917, thousands of boys from West Virginia had joined the Canadian forces. As soon as recruiting stations for the United States Army were opened, the lads from every walk in life flocked to enlist. Sixty thousand men served from West Virginia, and nearly one-half of them saw service overseas. No State gave more men in proportion to area and population than did West Virginia.

Some of the national leaders during the war were from this State. Two members of President Wilson's Cabinet were West Virginians—Newton D. Baker, Secretary of War, and John Barton Payne, Secretary of the Interior. Major John L.

THE scene, somewhere in a mining town in West Virginia. The time, midsummer, 1917. German sympathizer approaches mountain man who works in coal mine.

Stranger: "Want to make some money?"

Miner: "How?"

Stranger: "Sprinkle leetle emery dust in power house engine."

The next scene is a penitentiary, where the stranger enters. Paradoxically, over the doorway is the West Virginia motto, *Montani Semper Liberi* (Mountaineers Are Always Free).

From the days when hardy pioneers first built their log cabins in the mountains of West Virginia, there has been among the people a spirit of independence, loyalty, and courage. West Virginians have had a proud part in our country's history. They have no place for fifth columnists. Their men have gone to the battlefield in every war in which the United States has engaged, and the men and women who remained at home have united in support of constituted authority.

Washington found West Virginia mountaineers fighting side by side with him in the Indian wars. His personal friend, General Andrew Lewis, led the troops against the Shawnees, Mingos, and Delawares in the Battle of Point Pleasant on October 10, 1774, sometimes referred to as the first battle of the Revolution. The last battle of the Revolution was fought at Wheeling on September 10, 1782, eleven months after Cornwallis surrendered at Yorktown.

While thousands of hardened Indian fighters left their homes and joined Washington's army, others remained in the mountains and performed the very necessary service of looking after home defenses. West Virginia was the western frontier of the English colonies. Here forts were erected to protect the people against incursions of Indians, and home guards were organized to defend the border.

In the Civil War, West Virginia was a border state. When Virginia decided to secede from the Union, her western counties seceded from her and became the thirty-fifth of the United States. This was the only change in the map as

TO COLUMN

5

Hines, of White Sulphur Springs, was promoted more rapidly than any other soldier who served in the first World War. He returned from overseas a major general and succeeded Pershing when he retired as Chief-of-Staff of the Army. Major General Mason Patrick of Lewisburg was the first Chief of the Army Air Service. And Admiral Julian Lane Latimer of Shepherdstown commanded the battleship *Rhode Island*.

But while the boys were serving in Mexico, doing duty in camps, and engaging in battles overseas, the people at home formed another line of national defense—home defense. They engaged in “drives,” held hundreds of patriotic meetings, oversubscribed for bonds and saving stamps, and gave many times their quotas for war relief agencies.

Industrialists in the State gave inestimable service. Engineers claim that West Virginia has greater natural resources than any like area in the world. Here may be found more than a hundred billion tons of unmined coal in 102 different seams. Abundance of natural gas and oil come from the earth in many sections of the State.

Industrialists did their part in using these resources to supply fuel, lubricants, and manufactured articles for war use. They were an essential part of the home defense program. They produced necessary war materials on a vast scale, and they kept the wheels of industry turning in the cities and villages.

Today, The American Legion in West Virginia has a definite home defense program. The fifteen thousand members are keyed to a high pitch of patriotic fervor. And they accept a responsibility to serve their country again in time of emergency, a time when unity and co-operation are essential to the well-being of this nation.

This defense program does not contemplate assuming tasks that belong to the government agencies, such as organizing guards, drilling men, or establishing espionage systems. No! It is educational. Some call it propaganda.

In fact, it is propaganda of the right type, patriotic propaganda. This is a civic job, a work for every loyal citizen. And the Legion should form the center of the activity.

Since millions of dollars are being spent by Nazi agents, Fascist adherents, and Communists in order to “sell” their form of government to our people, it is time for

some organization to take the responsibility of “selling” our form of government to ourselves. If the citizens of the United States are informed, they will take care of protecting the freedom, liberty, and other blessings of our democracy.

Someone has said: “Do not sell the United States short.” We are doing this when we aid and abet fellow-travelers who promote isms that are not in keeping with our form of government, the finest system that has ever been conceived by the mind of man.

Last fall Department Commander R. C. Hall appointed a home defense committee. He appointed, to serve with the writer, who is chairman, Past National Commander Louis A. Johnson, Past Department Commander Robert B. McDougale, Past Department Commander T. F. McWilliams, Herbert D. May, William Wilkin, and Charles R. Holt.

Much has been said about fifth-column activities in this country. There was evidence of this movement in West Virginia last fall. Some radicals circulated a petition to have the Communist Party placed on the ballot at the last general election. The American Legion secured an injunction to prevent this ticket from being listed at the general election.

Public opinion was aroused to such an

extent that a bill was passed by the last Legislature making it practically impossible for the Communist Party to be listed on the ballot. This bill was sponsored by the Legion.

To offset the activities of the Fifth Column, the home defense committee has established a *Home Defense Column*. The men and women who join the column are given a certificate. Today there are active members of this column in every section of the State. They are not vigilantes, they are not spies, they are not assuming functions of constituted authorities. They are alive, alert, patriotic Americans who are preaching Americanism and who are ready to report any activity that is not in keeping with the best interests of our Government.

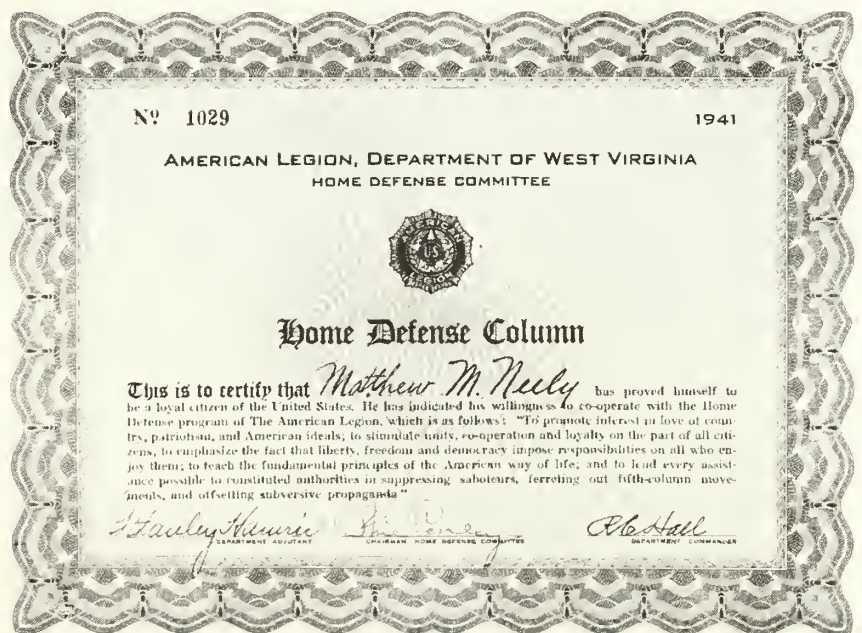
The commanders of the 113 Posts in West Virginia have each appointed three members to home defense committees. They coöperate with the State home defense committee in carrying out a comprehensive program.

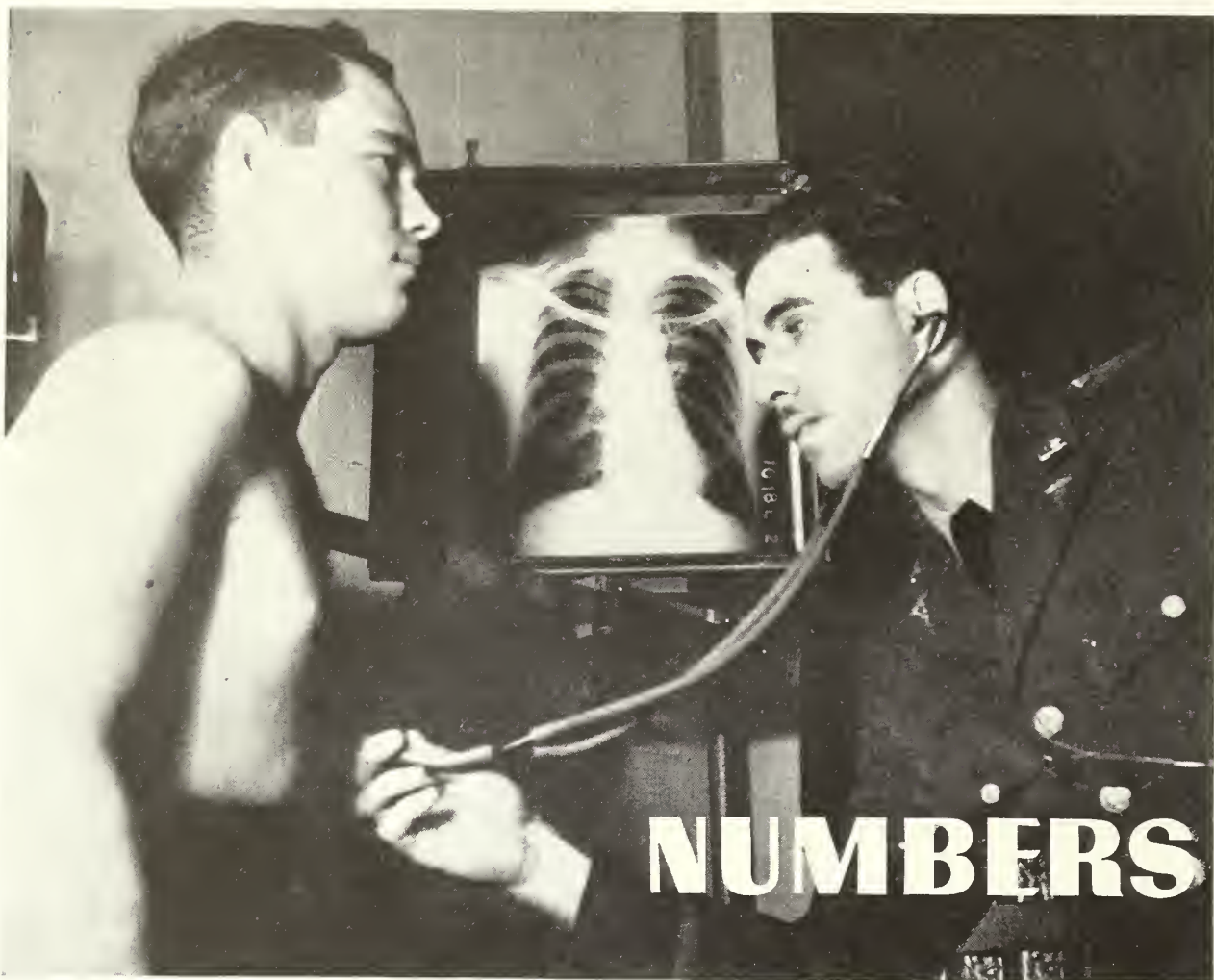
This program consists of furnishing speakers to discuss patriotic subjects before luncheon clubs, women's meetings, Legion gatherings, and other public functions. A speaker's handbook has been prepared with excerpts from patriotic selections, typical speeches, and suggestions for preparing addresses.

Feature articles are released each week to 160 newspapers in West Virginia. Radio programs are given on all local stations at frequent intervals. And a feature editorial is published in the *West Virginia Legionnaire* each month.

Essay-writing contests are being con-

(Continued on page 46)





After examination by a local board physician, inducted men receive an exhaustive going-over by an army medical officer. The standard of physical requirements is higher than during World War I

PROPERLY it is called Selective Service, but the first peacetime compulsory military training program in the history of our country will always be referred to by the press and the public as "the draft." Less than a year ago the law became effective, when the famous fishbowl of the 1917 draft was used to determine the order in which the selectees for the New Army would be called. The organization for its administration grew, overnight, like a mushroom. During the first seven months of operation the Selective Service System delivered for induction into the armed forces of the United States more than 400,000 young men between the ages of 21 and 36. During the same time it was learned, with considerable chagrin and alarm, that the state of physical fitness of far too many young men of America is way below the par of army physical standards. Like a searchlight, suddenly turned upon the normally obscure facts of the physical and economic conditions of the millions composing the young manhood of America, Selective Service may prove to be the cornerstone in the foundation for a better American social structure.

That a new and adequate Army for

nation defense could be created and trained, and that, in the creation of such an Army, knowledge of vital social and economic importance to the country could be learned, through a universal military service law are proved facts. Also proved is the soundness of the National Defense program which The American Legion has fostered for twenty-one years. The Legion planted the seed. It has nourished the stem from which, last October, suddenly flowered the Selective Training and Service Act of 1940 in the full bloom of operation.

At the National Convention of 1921 the Legion's Military Affairs Committee recommended:

"The appointment of a committee by the National Organization of the Legion to study the question of universal draft in time of national emergency, of all persons capable of military and industrial service, together with the universal draft of land, material, plants and capital suitable for preparation and prosecution of war. . . ."

The following year the same committee presented to the National Convention a proposed Selective Service law. The first paragraph of this proposed legislation, sponsored by the Legion in 1922,

By
**PAUL G.
ARMSTRONG**

Selective Service Director
for Illinois

is the very foundation of the present Selective Service Act. The paragraph follows:

"1. That, in the event of a national emergency declared by Congress to exist, which in the judgment of the President demands the immediate increase of the military establishment, the President be, and he hereby is, authorized to draft into the service of the United States such members of the Unorganized Militia (every able-bodied male citizen between the ages of 21 and 45 capable of bearing arms) as he may deem necessary; provided, that all persons drafted into service between the ages of 21 and 30, or such other limits as the President may fix, shall be drafted without exemption

on account of industrial occupation.”

Therein was the seed and the germ of the present reality of Selective Service. The elimination of exemptions on account of industrial occupation corrected one of the greatest faults of the draft law of 1917, which permitted thousands of men to evade military service through obtaining employment in shipyards and in other industries which exempted them from service.

The present law is far from perfect. It has many faults. It is a better, fairer law than that of 1917. As time goes on and experience accumulates, it will be improved.

Let's take a look behind the scenes of the Selective Service system. Perhaps you are, or may become, a member of a local or one of the several auxiliary boards which administer the draft. If you are a member, no one will envy you the headaches and the exasperations, the personal sacrifices and the downright hard work your job entails. And no one can take away from you the just pride you may take and the honor which is your due for the unselfish, patriotic duty you are performing. Nor can they take



Director of Selective Service in Illinois, Paul G. Armstrong, in striped suit, with members of his board and advisors

FROM THE FISHBOWL



Above and right, candidates for training in the usual line-up for physical check-up

boards orally, by telephone and by mail could furnish limitless material for the radio quiz programs and for books.

“My wife is working and I have a chance to get a job which would make it too bad for me to go into the Army. How can I avoid this?”

“I just got married. I don't mind being a soldier for a year but I would like to wait a month, then I'll be ready. Can you give me that much time?”

“Why is it that some boards take married men and others let the married men stay home? Is this justice?”

Anonymous letters, humorous letters, tragic letters—each day they pour into the offices of the local boards. State headquarters are the clearing houses for the puzzlers involving policy or interpretation of the law and regulations. When a state headquarters is stumped (it hap-

(Continued on page 44)



away (though you wish they could) the deluge of mail you have been receiving from official, unofficial, curious, questionable and almost every other of the possible sources. Perhaps you are that same local board official who recently received the plaint of a distraught young registrant who pleaded for deferment because:

“I have a disinfected stomach.”

The questions put to the local draft

The American Legion Police Reserve Unit sponsored by Asbury Park (New Jersey) Post is one of the police auxiliaries organized for internal defense



EAST MEETS WEST

THERE is no East or West in the national defense program. These geographical terms are used, of course, to describe the position of localities; but in no sense is either of them spoken to indicate a division of effort or determination to build and strengthen the defense of our common country against any enemy which might threaten it from without or from within. Despite the well-known lines of Kipling, there has been a real meeting of the East and the West which can be read in lines of flaming action from one coast to the other at any point across the full spread of the country. Take it where you will, from Portland, Maine, to Portland, Oregon; from New York to San Francisco, or from Savannah to Los Angeles, there is a unity of purpose to construct an impregnable defense.

In this national defense program, now well into its second year, it is not taking too much credit to say that no organized civilian group has contributed more than has The American Legion. It had an organized force ready to swing into action at the first call. Training in the uniformed service during the war days of 1917 to 1919, plus more than twenty years of service on the home front provided a well equipped force ready for any and all sorts of service when the



call came. And, with a trained personnel available for duty in all phases of organization for defense, the Legion was in a position of first importance in the national scheme.

National Commander Warner, with a group of Legionnaires, flew to war-torn England for the purpose of making a study of civilian defense plans adopted by the British people under actual blitz conditions. Out of that tour of inspection came a very definite plan and an educational campaign which have won the highest favor. Also, the report of the Legion observers resulted in the creation of a Division of Civilian Defense at National Headquarters at Indianapolis, under the direction of Henry H. (Hank) Dudley, long Nebraska's Department Adjutant, but lately one of the Field Secretaries in the Legion's National Rehabilitation Service. Direc-

tor Dudley's work is not only to direct the educational campaign by the issuance of a series of informative pamphlets, releases, and through other sources; even more important is his work of coördinating the activities of the nearly twelve thousand Posts, nearly every one of which is engaged actively in some form of defense effort.

This phase of civilian defense preparation seemed so important and so vital to the general scheme that along about the middle of August Mayor Fiorello H. LaGuardia of New York, Director of Civilian Defense, announced the establishment of a special division of the civilian defense bureau at Washington which is charged with coördinating defense activities among war veterans. To head this new division Mayor LaGuardia "borrowed" Hank Dudley from the Legion to serve "for the duration." Director Dudley will have charge of the Washington office, but at the same time will retain his place as chief of the Legion's civilian defense section.

What of the Posts? So many reports of varied activities come to the editorial offices that it is obviously impossible, because of the limitation of space, to get them into print. Many of these reports, it is true, fall into the same general pattern. But that in itself is encouraging;

it indicates surely a unity of thought and a concert of action. "Immediately upon the passing of the Selective Service Act," says J. Robinson Cohen, Publicity Chairman of Chelsea Post, New York City, "Chelsea Post organized a Selective Service Committee. That Committee has attended every induction of soldiers in our Chelsea District, and our Chairman, Francis X. Duffy, has addressed each group at the time of induction."

"Commander Herbert Rosenthal of Ball-Kirch Post, Plainfield, New Jersey," says Past Commander William F. Kirner, "hasn't missed a single departure of selectees from our district. He is there and, on behalf of the Post, presents each departing soldier with a package containing candy, cigarettes and mints." The interest in the boys of the new Army does not end with a farewell gift; the reporters say that Chelsea Post, Ball-Kirch Post, and hundreds of other Posts keep in touch with the boys in camp and make frequent gifts of candy, smokes, reading material and other little comforts that go so far to make for contentedness.

Wheeling (West Virginia) Post, an old timer dating its existence back to a club of returned soldiers banded together before the Legion was born, put another good idea into effect, according to Legionnaire Joseph H. Reiss. The Post has issued official introduction cards to each resident of Wheeling or Ohio County called to the colors, asking that all courtesies be shown the bearer. Each card issued is signed by the Post Commander, countersigned by the Post Adjutant, and must bear the identifying signature of the person to whom it is issued.

Internal defense is a problem that must be met at the same time preparations are being made for external defense. There are the Quislings and the saboteurs who must be met and eliminated from the national scene—not, however, by the process of "elimination" or "liquidation" so popular with the dictatorships, but eliminated by being rendered ineffective or taken out of circulation by imprisonment. Recognizing the value of a trained auxiliary force to meet any unusual situation, several metropolitan police forces have organized Legionnaire and war-veteran reserves, and have established schools for their further training.

In one mail not so long ago came two reports of two such units, just a continent apart—one from Portland, Oregon, and the other from Asbury Park, New Jersey. The Portland Police Reserves, says C. F. Fairfax of Hurlburt-Worsham Post, is composed of more than one hundred veterans who have been instructed in police procedure in a night school conducted by Captain of Detectives John J. Keegan and Lieutenant Orville R. Williams. Before graduation, these men from the Legion and



Percy A. Stevens Post, Bend, Oregon, invested \$1,300 of its savings. Legionnaire Sawyer delivers the bonds to Commander Davis



Postmaster Albert Goldman delivers \$3,000 of Defense Bonds to Commander Lawlor of New York City Police Post. Mayor La Guardia approves



Members of Teddy's Rough Riders Post of Los Angeles, California, gather to witness delivery of \$700 in bonds purchased from the Post funds



Right back at 'em! Members of Codd-French Post, Colfax, Washington, repair old German rifles for shipment to England for home defense

other veteran organizations are required to pass written as well as oral and manual tests. It is hoped to build the reserves up to a force of about fifteen hundred.

The same plan is followed by the New Jersey force, according to L. Wanser, Captain of the Asbury Park Police Reserve unit. This Reserve outfit is sponsored by Asbury Park Post; the men were trained under the supervision of Sergeant Frank Rowland. The group shown in the picture at the head of this piece are all graduates of the reserve school and each one has been sworn in as a reservist and has been given a shield. The Post plans to render a further public service by equipping the unit with a squad car complete with emergency accessories.

It takes cash and a lot of it—a staggering, almost incredible sum—to put any major power on a war footing. Uncle Sam needs money and needs it badly; therefore the Treasury Department issued defense investment securities in two forms—National Defense Bonds, and Defense Stamps. The Legion's National Executive Committee at its May meeting, backing up the earlier endorsement of National Commander Milo Warner, adopted a resolution providing for the investment of national Legion funds in the bonds; urged Posts and Departments to make similar investments, and called upon all citizens to buy to the limit as a patriotic duty.

Posts had begun to buy before the action of the Committee was made public; and they continue to invest as funds become available. Three pictures of ceremonies attending purchase by Posts are printed on page 31, selected for use from a number in the file because they clearly show that the effort is not confined to one locality. These investors are New

York City Police Post; Teddy's Rough Riders Post of Los Angeles, California, and Percy A. Stevens Post of Bend, Oregon.

And right here seems to be a good spot to pass along an idea developed by Clarence Sodemann Post of St. Louis, Missouri—a plan of investment that might well be adopted as the idea of the month. Commander Elmer Von Doersten writes that Clarence Sodemann Post gives a check for \$25 to each member who brings in a full book of \$18.75 in Postal Savings Stamps. The check is payable to any uniform clothier and must be used as payment on an American Legion uniform. The book of \$18.75 in stamps is then used by the

Post in the purchase of a \$25 bond; the Post will get back the original investment by holding the bond for ten years. But in the meantime, Commander Von Doersten hopes, Clarence Sodemann Post will have a membership all in uniform.

Matt Collins, Publicity Chairman of Echo Park Post, Los Angeles, writes that his Commander, William (Bill) Gilson, assisted by Past Commander James J. Healy, gathered and hauled away six full truckloads of old aluminum from Los Angeles contributors. Now there were a lot of Posts—hundreds of them—engaged in the aluminum campaign, but this is the only report that came in of two of the so-called “brass hats” doing all the work. More power to them. Legionnaire R. A. Smith, Chairman of the Legion aluminum committee at Hickman, Kentucky, tells the Step Keeper that the drive sponsored by Aubra Townsend Post netted 550 pounds of the metal.

Fourth New Jersey Infantry Post is a service unit—community service—and it has been working on the job a long time. It was one of the first to establish an observation post, with trained observers on duty, under the command of Past Commander Harry A. Conroy, in the recent series of air-raid-warning tests. But it was only one of several hundred Posts scattered from Maine to Florida, and in sections on the West Coast called out for this duty and practical training.

Personnel? Yes, there's Legion personnel on active duty in the field and



One of the first telephone observation posts organized in Beaver County, Pennsylvania, is the one under the direction of Philip J. Davidson Post



Organized in October, 1919, this sixteen-man firing squad of Kindred (North Dakota) Post is still in service under the same command

in executive and administrative positions. No, they're not too old for field or home guard service—average age a shade above forty-eight. One of the most complete reports comes from George F. Lamm Post of Williamsville, New York, which has eleven of its members serving in various capacities in the 74th Regiment, New York Guard. These Legionnaires are Colonel Allan F. Reif, Major Arnold W. Brecht, Major Charles A. Reif, Staff Sergeant Ray H. Jacques, First Sergeant Hartley H. Funk, Captain Herbert R. Vanderbilt, Captain Adrian V. Keogh, Captain Casimir M. Culligan, Captain Hubert E. Coyer, First Sergeant John F. McCann, and Master Sergeant James A. Edwards.

Hundreds of other Posts carried coals to Newcastle when they dug up old German military equipment, kept these twenty-odd years as souvenirs, polished and repaired the pieces, and sent them to England for use in repelling the threatened Nazi invasion. Old tin hats of 1917 vintage were piled up by the carload for similar use. The Step-Keeper's own outfit, John Brawley Post of Charleston, West Virginia, offered the American Committee for the Defense of British Homes a couple of dozen German machine guns which were acquired from the War Department when this chronicler commanded the Post some fifteen years ago.

Codd-French Post of Colfax, Washington, reports J. L. Stack, Publicity Chairman, gathered up fourteen German Mauser service rifles which had been knocking around the community for twenty years, fixed them up and shipped them to England through the Committee for the Defense of British Homes. The expert gunsmiths shown in the picture on this page are Orlen Chestnut, W. P. Felch, Carl Ragsdale, Commander C. A. Edgren, and Carl Swanson.

Old Timer Firing Squad

Kindred (North Dakota) Post was organized and received its charter in

October, 1919, says Post Adjutant Alf Ringen, and at the time of organization a Post Firing Squad was organized under the command of Sergeant Carl I. Owen. Twenty members volunteered and of that twenty, sixteen are still members of the squad and are still under the command of Carl I. Owen. That record gives a close margin to the firing squad of Basil Grimes Post of Crooksville, Ohio, which was mentioned in the September number of this magazine, but not enough to brag about.

"Every Memorial Day since 1919," Adjutant Ringen continues, "we organize a caravan of about a dozen cars, visit nine cemeteries in the locality, and perform the Legion memorial ceremony at each cemetery. The travel required for each round of visits is about seventy miles.

"The population of Kindred is 450, and though our membership is consistent we have never been outstanding. We

have had more than fifty members each year for over fifteen years, but one year we had seventy. Our membership is drawn from the countryside and is spread over a wide area, but we do manage to carry on a youth activity program, athletic and educational, and other community-service projects."

The members of this twenty-three-year firing squad, as shown in the picture, are: left to right, Ole Tideman, Melvin Enger, John Hedland, Theo. Swenson, Melford Mickelson, Theo. Eckre, Andrew Anderson, Erwin Dahlen, Adolph Johnson, Henry Borreson, Melvin Simonsen, Carl Owen (Commander), Henry Graff, John Hedland, Jr. (bugler), and Theo. Perhus.

Veterans Craft Exchange

A letter received from Comrade Cornelius H. Schouten, 26 Boltwood Avenue, Castleton-on-Hudson, New York—a blind veteran—deserves to be passed along: "It has been a great pleasure to me to receive *The American Legion Magazine* in Braille. The first issue of October, 1940, was an eye-opener to me, and must have been to others also. You will remember that you had in that issue a story, 'There is a Market.' If I had not read that article in Braille I would never have known that there was such a thing as the Disabled Ex-Service Men's Exchange in Boston. I immediately applied and they sold my leather goods for me for a short while, but this fine organization has now gone out of business. They returned all unsold goods and sent a check list of the full amount of the goods returned so that we might start out anew and find another market.

"I have found another market. Through Mrs. Louis J. Lemstra, National
(Continued on page 58)



A section of the Veterans Craft Exchange at Chicago, which affords a market outlet for handicraft made by handicapped and disabled veterans

HIGHBALL!

LIGHT RAILWAY



Small in size but mighty large in helping solve transportation problems in the A. E. F. A narrow-gauge train of the 21st Engineers, Light Railway, all set to pull out of Menil-la-Tour, France, with a load of supplies for the front lines in 1918

TRANSPORTATION. As in the present wars raging around the world, that same problem was one that had to be met and solved in the days of *our* war, and particularly in the A. E. F. Not alone transportation of soldiers, but transportation for endless tons of supplies and food and ammunition for the soldiers had to be furnished to insure our success in battle.

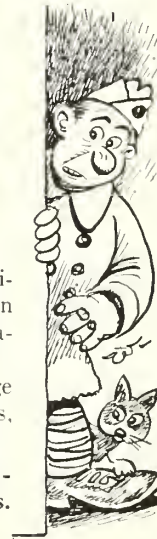
Trains to embarkation ports, transports to the far side of the Atlantic and again trains and trucks in the A. E. F. had to be provided for this greatest movement of armed forces ever attempted—and successfully concluded. There came to light the vast importance of the narrow gauge, or light, railways, particularly in the trench warfare that predominated on the Western Front before the Americans introduced open warfare or a war of movement. Highways could not stand the constant strain of convoys of heavily-laden trucks, and furthermore roads had to be kept open for movement of foot troops and for fast moving automobiles and ambulances. So,



light railways of 60-centimeter (approximately $23\frac{3}{8}$ inch) gauge had been adopted to ease the transportation situation.

Connecting with the standard-gauge railheads, the light railways—decauilles,

Below, a type of camouflage erected to protect narrow-gauge rails. Near Broussy Woods



the French called them—helped in rapid advances for short distances and were of inestimable value when, because of heavy rains in shell-torn ground, roads were impassable for motor transport and in many instances even for animal transport.

This department is happy to pass on to the gang two snapshots furnished by one of the ex-rails, Legionnaire Garcia Dale Ingells of 6514 West Lloyd Street, Wauwatosa, Wisconsin—one an especially effective picture of a light railway train—along with this tale that Comrade Ingells tells:

"I think twenty-three years is long enough to prove up on modesty—even in the A. E. F. For more than two decades a number of us have been reading about every slumslingin' outfit that went overseas—no offense intended and more flour in their barrels. Some of them have talked about

loving cups and others have laid claim to winning the first World War. I now propose to drag an outfit into the limelight—an outfit that makes neither claim. Perhaps some of the Then and Now Gang would like to hear about a real *working* outfit—the 21st Engineers, Light Railway.

"This volunteer regiment of hoppers, gandy dancers, tallow pots, and rail sniffers sailed for Brest, France, on the *President Grant* in December, 1917. We were sent to the Apremont-Pont-à-Mousson sector immediately after landing. We spent seven and a half months in this St. Mihiel front and blistered ourselves both ways from the navel while trying to supply the doughboys in the lines. And the same thing for five weeks more up in the Meuse-Argonne front.

"Easy, says you? But I'll wager five gallons of good vin rouge in a one-quart bottle that you've never worked as hard as we did. We moved actually tons of material to the front before each drive, and mostly at night. The terrain was just about as bad as it could be for hauling on light railways, and cocktail lounges weren't then in vogue. In the meantime the doughboys had to be fed. Yet, despite all these handicaps, listen to what the Chief Engineer, A. E. F., reported:

"At the Armistice these light railway engineers were operating and maintaining 2240 kilometers of light railway or nearly 280 miles of it at the front. They hauled 81,044 net tons of food and ammunition to the front during September, 1918; 38,008 tons in October, and 45,234 tons in November. Up to February 1, 1919, they had hauled nearly a million net tons which incidentally took thousands of trucks off



Remodeled navy blues clothed two waifs in Spalato in 1919. Gobs of the Adriatic Patrol provided the novel, but warm, costumes

the much over-worked French highways.'

"All of this doesn't sound very romancy but the boys got results and that was what GHQ at Chaumont wanted. I am enclosing a couple of photographs—the first showing one of our light railway trains pulling out of Menil-la-Tour, France, north of Toul in the St. Mihiel front; the other depicting the camouflage used in exposed areas to protect our tracks—this section having been west of the Broussy Woods.

"I am hoping that I hear from some of the old rails with whom I served. Our outfit has had a veterans' organiza-

tion, the 21st Engineers L. R. Society, for many years, and it has held reunions in conjunction with the Legion National Conventions. A meeting was scheduled to be held in Milwaukee and as I understand this account will not appear until after the Legion National Convention, no doubt by the time it does, I will have had another good visit with old war-time buddies. Those of the gang who do not belong to the Society should line up by writing to F. G. Webster, Secretary and Treasurer, 113 East 70th Street, Chicago, Illinois, and get prepared for future reunions."

NOT long ago there appeared in the war communiques from Europe such place names as Trieste, Fiume and Spalato, familiar to us during those days of more than two decades ago. Or shall we say familiar particularly to those ex-gobs who did a hitch in the Adriatic Sea? Naval actions in that body of water which separates Italy and Yugoslavia (part of which was then a nation called Dalmatia) have been recorded in these columns before—particularly in connection with the taking over by American crews of two Austrian warships. You'll remember the *Zrinyi* and the *Radetzky*? In fact we showed a picture of the former captured ship and her American crew in Then and Now last January.

Now we hear from another veteran of the Adriatic Patrol, Edmund D. Gauldin of Smith-Holloway Post in Willow Springs, Missouri—far from salt water—and can display two of the pictures he sent to us. One shows the U. S. S. Destroyer *Haraden* No. 183 tied up in the harbor of Spalato, Dalmatia, in 1919; the other, a member



Tied up in the harbor of Spalato, Dalmatia, we see the U. S. S. Destroyer *Haraden*, one of the ships of the Adriatic Patrol established after the Armistice



Look at that stag line! A Y dance at St. Pierre-des-Corps, France, with American, French and British partners to choose from. Were you there?

of her crew with two of the Dalmatian waifs befriended by our gobs. We'll ask Gauldin to make report:

"Several months after the Armistice, the U. S. S. Destroyer *Haraden*, of which I was a member of the crew, joined the Adriatic Patrol. This American fleet consisted of the U. S. S. *Pittsburgh*, flagship under command of Rear Admiral Philip Andrews, the *Olympic*, *Kilty*, *Cowell*, *Ingraham* and our ship, the *Haraden*. The work of the destroyers while in the Adriatic was relay duty at Trieste and Fiume, the ports so dramatically seized by the poet D'Annunzio for Italy.

"The story of some of our activities and experiences was given to a reporter for a Norfolk, Virginia, newspaper—the name of which I cannot remember now—when we returned to the States in November, 1919, and as it covers our Adriatic tour of duty so well, I am enclosing a typewritten copy of it. It is told better than I could tell it myself and I am sure you and the Then and Now Gang will enjoy reading it. Incidentally, I certainly would enjoy hearing from any or all of my old shipmates on the *Haraden*."

Space prevents this department from using all of the account which Comrade Gauldin submitted, but we are glad to reprint extracts from it—at the same time thanking the unknown reporter and his publication:

After an absence from American shores for five months, the destroyer *Haraden* has put in at the Navy Yard and given her crew an opportunity to get a taste of things American once more. . . .

The *Haraden* left the United States in the middle of June for duty along the Dalmatian coast of the Adriatic Sea. Here are to be found those historic and



disputed cities of Trieste, Fiume and Spalato. And during those hot days of summer, while the excited poet of Italy was doing more things to the results of the peace conference than the Senate has yet been blamed for, and when relations among several of the Allies were being strained to the breaking point, the *Haraden* and other American men-of-war were on the spot ready to pour the oil of

conciliation or do whatever the occasion seemed to demand. . . .

The work of the destroyer while in the Adriatic was relay duty at Trieste and Fiume. Had affairs on shore been less turbulent it is probable that time might have hung even heavier than it did on the hands of the Americans. But what with excitement on shore and now and then excursions to nearby battlefields and fraternizing with the Jugo-Slavs and the men from the English and French ships in the harbor, time would not have hung so heavily upon them had it not been for some other things. . . .

The boys did not like the place. There was much misery among certain classes of the people. And there was much hard feeling between certain other classes. . . . There was rough weather at sea as well as on shore for these ships. During a severe gale that lasted four days the *TB 12* and *TB 52*, Austrian ships manned by American crews, broke from their anchorage and drifted ashore. The *Haraden* lost two anchors in a blow at Spalato. But if the American sailors found it hard going over there, some of the poorer classes of the population found it still harder. The kind-hearted Americans found plenty of relief work that needed attending to. Two little girls in particular enlisted their sympathy and were taken in hand by the gobs. These little girls, twin sisters about ten years old, were in a sad plight when the boys found them. They were hungry and almost without clothing. Two extra jumpers were more or less skillfully tailored from navy blouses to fit the little waifs. The result may not have been artistic, but it was warm. The sad fact remains that while these two fortunate ones were cared for, there were many whose need was as great who could not be reached. [A snapshot we reproduce shows these two girls in their converted gob outfits.—*The Company Clerk*.]

The Jugo-Slavs, the principal inhabitants of the Dalmatian coast, had had a hard time from the very outset of the war. Many of the men were impressed into the Austrian armies and died on the battlefields at the hands of



The officers' section and the stockade of the prison camp of Prisoner of War Escort Company No. 1 at St. Pierre-des-Corps



The Allo of the French was replaced with Hello in good American when 223 operators invaded the A. E. F. for service in 1918. Above, the switchboard at headquarters in Tours

those whose victory would mean their release from the Hapsburg thralldom. . . .

Fiume was the interesting center of events for the Americans and for everybody else concerned, especially after Captain Gabrielle D'Annunzio put into effect his startling coup d'etat. In the harbor lay the American fleet, including the two Austrian battle cruisers *Radetzky* and *Zrinyi*, which had been turned over to the Allies. They were manned by American crews of 125 men and were used by the Allies as supply ships. . . .

When orders were received on board the vessel that she, in company with the other destroyers, was to sail for home, there was general rejoicing. A quick run was made to Constantinople for mail, and then the dash across the Atlantic was begun. The weather was bad all the way. For twenty-two days the fleet encountered severe winds and rough seas. It was a glad day for the boys when the Virginia Capes loomed up ahead and the hospitable waters of Hampton Roads began to foam under the bows.

C'EST portrait ici a été pris avec une flashlight pendant qu'ils dansent et l'autre portrait d'être pris pareillement c'est deux différent pose. Je suis dans la salle mais ce n'est pas put me trouver.

Pardon our French, gang, but there she stands. We found it as a caption on the picture of a dance in the A. E. F. which is decorating one of these Then and Now pages. Now for a rough translation, and our A. E. F. French was — and is — mighty rough: "Here is a picture taken with a flashlight

during a dance and another picture taken at the same time in two different poses. I was in the hall but am unable to find myself." And we may as well admit that we'd never have got that far without the able assistance of a fellow staff member who is a French scholar.

And now the story behind that picture and the picture of the American Prisoner of War Camp, both of which are reproduced, and the latter of which also bore a caption written in French. This interesting contribution was made by Legionnaire Albert A. Lemay of 70 Mt. Hope Street, Lowell, Massachusetts, and here is his letter:



"Acting upon your invitation every so often in Then and Now to send in wartime pictures, I am enclosing some taken in St. Pierre-des-Corps, France, where I was a member of Prisoner of War Escort Company No. 1. The first shows a bunch of soldiers and their partners at one of the dances given by the Y, and the other is a general view of the prison camp and the stockade. I have labeled the various buildings in the camp.

"St. Pierre-des-Corps was a very small place with farms scattered here and there, but it was an important railroad junction—the prison camp being a short distance from the junction. While stationed there I was a private 1st class and worked in the Commissary, of which Charles Hanson was sergeant and Jacob Randolph corporal.

"Our village was five kilometers from the city of Tours, which was a real city with plenty of cafes and shows, and noted for its numerous chateaux which made it a fine sightseeing place for the soldiers.

"In the prison camp, the prisoners did all the work and American soldiers served as guards over them. The prisoners were well fed, getting the same food we did. They had their own band and they used to stage plays in their stockade and sometimes we were permitted to see the plays. The prisoners were very handy in making finger rings out of French coins.

"As for the picture of the dance, there was a dance held every Monday night and we always had a full house. Our dancing partners were Y girls, Red Cross
(Continued on page 60)

325 A1437

Mrs C M Sausung
Mullin Street
Watertown, New York

We are down the Bay,
Guns booming, Whistles
blowing Flags flying
It is a wonderful send
off, Goodbye

Robert Sausung

Ames 3PM Dec 4
Admiral Exchange
Port of Embarkation
Sincere Apprecia
tion by The Charming
Lunquells made
for our Comfort
Woodie Misen
Echibolling Wilson

Ship-to-shore service by carrier pigeons brought the above messages from the transport *George Washington* when President Wilson sailed for Europe in December, 1918

THE SHARPSHOOTER

(Continued from page 17)

off their support. But he did not fall. He hung high up there underneath the crane, suspended by his outstretched arms.

Sam knew he was a dead man if he could not get free. Such current as now held him helpless batters a man with anguish which he cannot long endure. Under the frightful punishment a man's heart wearies and slows down. It slows down and a man is presently unconscious. It keeps on slowing down and presently he is dead.

Sam Schafer knew one way by which he might escape the terrible grip of his own hands—with death almost as certain as by electrocution in that desperate way. But Sam would take it. Any chance better than to hang there and die. Sam called up the last resources of his strength and courage.

Neuhaus meanwhile had taken a ball of clean waste from his pocket and hurriedly wiped possible finger-prints from the switch-box door; then the switch handle, but not quite so hastily—caressingly, it almost seemed. That handle

brought him pleasant memories. It was so much like the handle of the bomb-release of his old crate—the old Black Eagle in which he had earned much honor and the name Sharpshooter, over twenty years ago. He stood a moment, quietly, while in his mind he saw a bomb float down and down and down. Down toward a white ship racing zig-zag far below. Incredible, that hit. Fair down her funnel. Five minutes, and the white ship would be gone.

But even after twenty years Neuhaus felt a little twinge of guilt. He had not quite deserved his honored nickname. He really hadn't sighted on the funnel of the *Florence Nightingale*, but at a larger target—the big red cross painted on her deck.

And he had missed. Even after twenty years Neuhaus felt the old regret. He, Der Scharfschütze, the renowned Sharpshooter. And he had never made a really perfect hit.

But come. Was this a place and time for reveries? Here, now, he certainly must not be seen. He slipped out of the hollow of his column. He peered about

him warily, too occupied with caution to look up again at Schafer, struggling for his life—at Schafer taking now his almost hopeless gamble.

Schafer had drawn his knees up to his chest; had braced his feet against the building corner; had set himself for one great desperate effort.

Now!

With all his strength he kicked. His knees snapped straight. His hooked hands tore free. Then out and down, back foremost, falling helplessly. Death almost certainly waiting at the ground. Death very certainly waiting. Death with a snap of vertebrae, sharp as the crack of a bull whip.

But not death for Sam Schafer.

Sam Schafer, that first-class American and A-No. 1 electric superintendent, somersaulted backward off the broken thing which had cushioned him and rolled uninjured up onto his feet and stood there swaying while his shattered senses gathered. But Neuhaus never stirred again. That ground-switch lever was more like a bomb release than he ever knew. He threw it, and a deadly missile actually fell—one hundred ninety pounds of living bomb.

Neuhaus, Sharpshooter, twenty years out of practice, had made at last a really perfect hit.

This I SAW

(Continued from page 5)

days before that phase of World War II came to an end.

We had fled from Belgrade during the bombing of that poor city of silent people. We were trying to get to Athens to file stories to our papers in America. We had paused for a little while in Corinth, an ancient city on the shore of the Gulf of Corinth. We had just taken a room in the Belvidere Hotel and were trying to catch some sleep before pushing on.

Suddenly all hell broke loose. Most of the windows of the Belvidere were blown in. The building shook like a dry leaf in an autumn storm. The whole city of Corinth trembled.

We slipped on some clothes and ran out into the street. We could see the planes now. They were working on a railroad train less than half a mile away. The Stukas roared out of the sky. They came screeching down at those railroad cars like angry birds of prey. First they dropped light bombs which bored holes through the roof. Then they unloaded great quantities of light incendiary plates, which set first one car, then another on fire.

Through the smoke and flames we could see red crosses in big white circles painted on the tops and also on the

sides of each car. It was a hospital train. No mistake about that. Later dozens of people told us it was a Greek hospital train jammed with Greek soldiers. But we didn't need anyone to tell us that. We saw what it was with our own eyes. And the German pilots must have seen, too, because they came down almost low enough to read street signs.

It was difficult to tell how many Nazi planes took part in that attack. One plane would dive down out of the clouds and almost touch the red cross on the roof of a car with its nose. Then it would unload its deadly cargo, straighten out, and fly away.

They came down that way one after another. But you couldn't tell whether some of them were planes doing a repeat performance . . . planes that had dropped one light bomb, then gone up again and come screaming down a second time.

They kept up the attack for what seemed like hours to those of us who stood there watching, powerless to do anything to stop this gruesome attack.

Before long the hospital train was a charnel house. Even standing where we were, it was possible to smell the odor of burning human flesh.

There were hardly any motor vehicles

in Corinth that day. So an endless chain of stretcher bearers was quickly formed. From the train, down one side of the main street, to the hospital about a mile away, with charred bodies. Then back with the empty stretchers, up the other side of the street, to get another load of blasted humanity.

We stood in front of the hospital watching the parade as long as our stomachs could stand it. On many of those stretchers there was nothing but a few pounds of flesh and bones cooked to a crisp.

When the stretcher bearers got to the hospital they unloaded whatever they had been carrying onto the floor of the reception room. Pretty soon the reception room was full. Jammed with bodies. I couldn't even estimate how many casualties there were. Hundreds, it seemed.

At the hospital they told us there wasn't a doctor in Corinth. All of them were off with the Greek army. The hospital was in charge of some young internes and a lot of gritty girl nurses who worked away doing the best they could for men who should have been having quick amputations or shots of narcotics or serious operations.

One young interne played receptionist to those moaning, body-shattered creatures. He stood near the entrance.

Those helpless cases were hauled out of the building again. Out into the courtyard of the little hospital. Pretty soon the courtyard began to fill up.

We tried to turn our backs on the courtyard scene. We had been going for weeks with precious little food and prac-

By the time we got to where the soldier said the man was, other bodies had been hauled out and we had to hunt among the corpses and near-corpses for the man "who looked American or English."

The sun, a red ball of fire, was just setting in the west and the railroad train, also a red ball of fire, was still burning in the east, when the anti-

I was standing on the edge of the Gulf of Corinth, looking over the calm, blue water. The Greeks had said we were safe for the rest of the day now, because the enemy always went back to their landing fields before dusk.

But suddenly a dozen huge German bombers came skimming along the surface of the water. They apparently had been sent to bomb the bridge to Athens, the Corinth Canal which leads out of the gulf, and also to put the finishing touches to that Red Cross train, if anything remained of it.

They did all three of those things. But they needn't have bothered about the train. Already it was a smoking mass of ruins. What bodies still remained inside were nothing but heaps of black charcoal.

Anyone walking up behind Johnny Re.

Getting out of sandtraps is a nightmare to most golfers. Next time you are at a big tournament, watch the professional get out of trouble. Do you think it ever bothers them to get into a trap? They have played out of so many of them that it is almost as easy for them as playing a chip shot. One day we watched Ky Laffoon play shots from a sandtrap for two hours from

Back fifteen years or so ago Craig Wood had charge of an indoor school in Chicago. During the winter months

Craig spent hour after hour hitting balls into the canvas net almost tearing the canvas apart with every shot. Afterwards he used to sit around and tell a bunch of us how great a golfer he would be if he ever had a chance to get out on the winter circuit and play with the rest of the boys.

"You wait," Craig used to say. "I can really play this game and all I need is a bit of financial backing to give me a little confidence and I'll show you fellows that all this hitting in the net hasn't been mere exercise."

Sure enough, Craig made good his very first winter circuit and still more to his credit, he is one of the few vet-

erans, along with Gene Sarazen, still able to play golf with the youngsters coming up. His average over the past fifteen years shows him in more runner-up positions than any golfer in the business. We haven't seen Craig of late but we will wager that he spends plenty of time yet on the practice tee. He's that sort of a fellow.

You can go through the entire list of topnotch golfers—Lawson Little, Sam Snead, Ben Hogan, Gene Sarazen, "Porky" Oliver, Horton Smith, Johnny Revolta, Denny Shute, "Dutch" Harrison, Dick Metz, Lloyd Mangrum, and all the rest, and you will find one thing they all have in common—the ability to con-

centrate on their game in the clutches, play their shots with precision under extreme pressure, and these qualities come from only one source—from the confidence they have gleaned on the practice tee through the countless hours. It is almost an axiom that the ability of a golfer is almost in direct proportion to the time he has spent on practice.

So, Mr. Golfer, the next time you see those professionals play, just put back in your own little head that you couldn't possibly be a champion if you spent as much time as they did perfecting their game, but you could easily be a helluva sight better golfer than you are. It's entirely up to you.

Shades of Paul Jones

(Continued from page 23)

Five hundred miles! I recalled the numerous occasions when I had done well to complete the round trip from the Sands Street gate of the Brooklyn Navy Yard to Fulton Street, about two miles, starting Saturday noon and finishing the weary and hazardous journey Monday morning. Of course, I sat part of the time.

Even before I left active service, the old-time sailorman of song and story, whose belief was, "Whiskey is the life of man," was disappearing. So far as I can see, he is now extinct.

Our Navy is pretty well composed of actual or prospective skilled technicians and professional men, who regard the service as a career as well as an adventure. Even to be considered for enlistment, a boy should have at least two years of high school. He must furnish character references from reputable citizens of his community and be able to pass a rigid physical examination. Nor would it now occur to a judge, as it did forty years ago, to sentence a youth to the Navy in lieu of jail. The youngster wouldn't get past the recruiting station; the judge would be in hot water fathoms deep.

Not that a majority of the men of forty years ago weren't men of character, capable of doing their jobs. But navy work of that period was far from being as technical as it now is. Too, the undesirables were then weeded out after enlistment, rather than before. Many had to make their sign, being unable to write. In my time an enlisted man's chance for a commission was but little better than the popularly accepted chance of his reaching heaven. Now, each year many enlisted men are given instruction on shipboard, pass the Naval Academy examination, go to Annapolis, and graduate with the same rank as Congressional appointees.

THE morning after I came on board to witness battle practice, I turned out to the sound of reveille a few feet from my bunk. I peered about for the

bugler, only to learn that a loud-speaker was repeating a call which had originated on the quarterdeck, hundreds of feet away. The same when any order is passed: No longer do half a dozen bo's'n's mates scurry through the ship, piping shrilly and shouting in every compartment.

Hurrying to deck, I watched the fleet get under way to head for the target practice grounds. Blinker-lights dotted and dashed messages as the Armada steamed along, each unit spaced as if with a tape measure.

When breakfast was served, I lingered by a crew's mess table, wishing to see how food of today compared with that of forty years ago. I did the same at dinner and supper. Unable to believe my eyes, I investigated further. Then, there wasn't any quality; quantity only if you had a good reach. Below is a typical today's menu. Read it and weep, you old-timers who used to gloat over a feed of 'dogsbody,'—'dandyfunk,'—'cracker-hash!'

BREAKFAST
Fresh blackberries
Rice krispies, milk
Sugar
Pork sausage, gravy
Creamed potatoes
Hot cross buns
Bread, butter, coffee

DINNER
Rice tomato soup
Boiled beef, Spanish
French fried potatoes
Boiled cabbage
Creamed summer squash
Peach pie
Bread and coffee

SUPPER
Baked beef loaf
Worcester gravy
Boiled peeled potatoes
Macaroni, Italian
Radishes and lettuce
Preserved prunes
Bread, butter, tea

This at a cost of less than forty cents per day.

I became acquainted with the commissary steward who, under the supervision of the supply officer, has charge of a group of skilled cooks, and of all general-mess food from when it is purchased until it is served. His office was alongside a tiled

galley—kitchen—fitted with oil-burning ranges and copper kettles burnished till they were mirrors. Wishing to test the quality of the food, I asked him for a portion of each item of the noon meal. My test changed to a feast, for quality was as satisfactory as variety and quantity. While I ate, he discoursed on balanced rations, calories, vitamins.

Vitamins—calories! How my old shipmate Galvanized Kelly of glorious memory would have reacted to such terms forty years ago . . . "Ah, sure an' I knowed 'em! Wasn't I shipmates wit' the two. On the old *Tuscarora*. Dagoes, they was: One, a jack-o'-the-dust; the other a Jimmylegs. Fine byes, who could down a pint o' rum at a gulp."

Prior to 1902, the paymaster of a ship—now supply officer—carried but a limited assortment of food: Sugar, canned corned-beef—called, you will remember, canned willie—hardtack, flour, tinned butter—seldom served—salt, salt beef—better known as salt horse—barreled molasses capable of taking the skin off your mouth, pickles, vinegar, and a few other items. No canned fruit or vegetables.

Neither of the two vessels on which I served in 1901 and '02 had a crew's cold storage space. One day out of port, and we went on 'Government Straight' with no chance for fresh food till we made our next port, a week away or a month away. Now, a battleship carries tons of fresh meats in her cold storage, has cooling space for fruits, eggs, vegetables. Food contracts are made by the Navy Department with reputable dealers. These know better than to try palming off second-rate or short supplies, for commissary stewards are experts at detecting deficiencies.

Forty years ago the crew was divided into messes of twenty men. These messes each selected a steward and a cook. For the purchase of fresh provisions such as meats, fruits, and vegetables, the paymaster turned over in cash to each stew-

and one-quarter of the value of the rations of his twenty men. As the cash value was nine dollars per man, the steward received forty-five dollars. In addition, each man contributed two dollars from his own pocket. The stewards took this money ashore and, theoretically, bought items of food not carried on board. Sometimes they *did* spend part of it for that purpose.

It was the happy custom—one that must have originated with the Roman gladiators—to elect for steward the best battler of the twenty men, for he had to be able to lick anyone who growled. If he knew anything about marketing, that, too, was nice. The cook—he was called that officially, although more vivid names were applied to him by messmates—was elected to that job because he was the most useless for deck work of the twenty. “Sure, you can cook. Here’s a pot. You see the fire. There’s the chow . . . No?” Wham—bang. “Now cook, you son-of-a-sea-louse!”

Seldom did any two messes have the same menu. Every meal witnessed men, plates in hand, wandering from table to table, hoping to swap something they disliked very, very much, for something they might dislike less. “Trade you my beans for your stew . . . Ahoy there, Oley! What you got? Trade you my collision-mats for your slumgullion . . . Naw, there’s no butter on them. What you think this is, the Waldorf-Astoria?”

The only landlubber, and so the most useless man of my twenty, I was elected cook on my second month in the Navy. I didn’t feel one bit honored at having been chosen unanimously, although tips were given to one who could do things with pot, pan, and boiler. I never received a penny. The steward of my mess was a six-footer, one of the most powerful men I have ever known, and a trained

boxer. His marketing was held perfect. I.e took a liking to me. No matter how horrible the concoctions I cooked, he ate them with gusto, when even I turned my head from them. What a gentleman he was! He took it as a personal insult if anyone grumbled at my chefdom.

“Don’t like your chow!” he would bellow, leaping around the table and hauling the grumbler to his feet. “Come to the fo’c’s’le and tell me that!” His invitations were never accepted. Even when he went ashore in Hampton Roads to lay in fresh provisions for a voyage to Panama, spent every nickel, and returned, not too sober, with three watermelons and a bushel of peanuts, to last the seven-day trip, not a soul questioned the propriety of his marketing. He saved my skin many times. Wherever he may be, fair weather for him.

WANDERING about the modern battleship—I got lost twice and had to inquire my way—I noticed in many places brass cans labeled *for cigarettes*. Nowhere did I see the wooden spittoons which, forty years ago, graced decks. At last it dawned on me: Few navy men of today chew tobacco. Another tradition gone. What is a sailorman without his quid? Forty years ago but one kind of tobacco was available on shipboard: Navy plug in one-pound slabs, rock-hard, potent, durable. This was used for chewing and, whittled into shavings, for smoking. If anyone wanted cigarettes—well, that was up to him.

Each year bids were sent to various tobacco manufacturers. They returned the bids with samples. For the next ten days, half a dozen ancient sailormen chewed and spat constantly, basing their recommendations on the potency of the sample and its ability to stand seagoing conditions. No more chewing of tobacco?

Maybe it was a disgusting habit. But it did help develop target practice.

In one compartment I saw what seemed to be a soda fountain. I knew it couldn’t be. Not on a battleship! Two bluejackets came along. “Chocolate malted milk” . . . “A strawberry nut sundae.” I still didn’t believe it, until I saw a boy behind the counter mix the drinks and serve them. With straws. I wasn’t convinced till I had had one, as tasty as if it had come from a confectionery.

Drinking the soda, I recalled that for a while after beer for enlisted men on shipboard was abolished, bitterness existed over the deprivation. The men felt the Navy must go on the rocks without beer. Beer never came back. The Navy is more efficient than ever.

I learned that but few men now scrub their clothes. They take them to the ship’s laundry. Forty years ago each man had his own bucket; every night the fo’c’s’le was crowded with sailors elbow-deep in sudsy water. I saw a clothes-pressing machine in operation, a barber-shop as elaborate as any on shore. Each division has a radio. One large compartment, furnished with leather chairs and a table piled high with magazines, was set aside for enlisted men to receive their guests. Back in 1901 we entertained ‘em by scouting up two ditty-boxes—one for her and one for him.

I wandered into a group of beardless boys. One held the floor, or deck, discussing his last week-end liberty. “And then, I felt her all over. I cussed her, but she wouldn’t do her stuff. I was about to ditch her, when she changed her mind. So, I kept her till I got ready to come aboard.”

Wishing to learn if there was any new technique of a sailor with a maid, I eased closer. “The trouble,” he went on, “was that I’d flooded the carburetor. When it got dry, she went over Torrey Pines in high.”

Disillusioned, I went to the bridge. The fleet was now close to the target grounds, and I wished to miss nothing. Not seeing any targets, I asked an officer about them. He said, “We probably won’t see them at all.”

“Then there won’t be any battle-practice?”

“Sure. There go the planes to spot for us.”

On the horizon were two airplane carriers. From each poured a swarm of planes, like bees coming from their hives. On the quarterdeck of my ship were three planes. I hurried aft. The crews were in their craft. The propellers began to revolve, speed increasing till the blades were a dim blur. A sharp explosion. Like giant gray birds the planes shot along their runways so rapidly as to lose all form. Then they were soaring aloft, ready to report by radio the position of the still invisible targets and what our shells were doing to them.



“Put that quarter back into the basket, Mr. Shuttleworth!”

Of course, during the World War planes did spotting. Probably the scene would have lost its drama for me, except that I was comparing this practice with my first, in 1901. Today, target-practice is the final test of a man-of-war's efficiency. All other drills lead up to it. Crews go at it as at a sporting event.

FORTY years ago it was regarded, more or less, as a necessary nuisance: it made extra work, cluttered up the ship, disrupted the routine.

Not so many months after I had enlisted, my ship, the *Scorpion*, halted in the Gulf of Mexico for target-practice. She was a gunboat, but was typical. Three empty pork barrels were nailed into an equilateral triangle about fifteen feet to the side. On this raft were reared masts, to which was made fast a canvas target. The contraption was then lowered overboard.

While I am not sure as to the distance from which our guns fired, it could hardly have been more than two miles. Spotting—that is, announcing where shells are falling, so that the guns' ranges can be altered as necessary—was done by an officer who took his station in the foremast crow's-nest.

He had available for use no other mechanisms than binoculars and a hand triangulation device. Theoretically the idea was to hit the target. Still, if too many shells landed accurately and wrecked it, the drill had to be delayed while the carpenter's gang did repair work.

Therefore, it was satisfactory if the shells came 'pretty' close. "Good line

shot, but a little low," was praise. I don't recall how many, if any, hits were made.

I do know that within two hours, the target was hoisted on board, our voyage resumed.

Then along came Teddy Roosevelt with his "Only the shots that hit count." This revolutionized target practice. At present a standard target is, in some respects, almost another ship. It draws about twenty feet of water, is fitted with a score or so of masts to which is rigged a stretch of canvas diagrammed into squares, so that the location of hits—



and there are few misses—can be instantly seen and reported. The target is towed and, particularly at long-range practice, the 'man behind the gun' never sees it.

Indeed, the 'man behind the gun' has become almost an automaton. Spotting planes report to Fire Control—the vastly intricate gun-fire nerve center of the ship—where shells are falling. Fire Control directs the guns to be swung left to right, elevated or depressed. Even the electric contact that fires the salvo is made by Fire Control. Nothing is omitted to make sure all guns of a broad-

side fire simultaneously, for the first effective salvo may quite likely end the sea battle.

EAGERLY I watched the Fleet swing into battle line. I never did see the targets. An officer handed me a piece of cotton. I stuffed it in my ears, for men have been deafened by the roar of great guns. A string of signals leaped to the flagship signal yard. The admiral gave a brief order. Another string of multi-colored bunting shot aloft.

From the vessel next astern a red tongue licked out. The same from all turrets of my ship. She quivered as though in the grip of a mighty hurricane. I was dazed, breathless, lifted physically and spiritually. Except for red flame, gray smoke, and an unbelievable roar, the world was blotted out, a non-existent thing. The rush of air, the terrific blasts, the shrill whine of sixteen-inch shells hurtling through space—it seemed to last hours. It lasted less than ten minutes.

Only late that night when I went ashore in a launch with one of the spotting aviators did I learn what had happened to the targets: Had they been men-of-war they would be battered masses of steel on the bottom of the ocean.

While this was my first experience in several years with the Navy afloat, I spent considerable time in ports where men-of-war anchor, and where the streets are gay with bluejackets. In at least one respect sailors of forty years ago are the same as those of today: If Jack hasn't a sweetheart in every port, it's only because he doesn't make every port.

Roads to Beat Hitler's

(Continued from page 7)

have its complete peacetime benefit.

The traffic-flow maps show that our congestion grows greater as we approach our large industrial cities and still greater as we near the center of those cities. Anyone who has studied highway conditions knows that the roads leading into New York, Boston, Chicago, Detroit and the other population centers that also are industrial points are horribly overcrowded. We know that they are the most dangerous roads in America, that the death and accident rate is ten times too high at these points, that traffic often is reduced to a crawl.

There are two ways in which we must attack this problem. First, we must build bypasses around the cities for through traffic, just as Hitler has detoured traffic around his capital with the "Berlin Ring." Second, we must widen, straighten and divide the roads that lead into the towns themselves. This latter point is every bit as important as bypassing.

Take another example in my own State of Michigan. A shop in Lansing,

84 miles from Detroit, makes most of the wheels used in the automobile industry. There is no room in the Detroit motor plants to store immense stocks of wheels, so they are brought to Lansing . . . a large proportion of them by highway truck . . . on an hourly schedule. This means that the traffic flow must be kept constant, that any breakdown results in a stoppage of work on pleasure cars as well as army trucks and tanks.

Other plants in other cities furnish tires, castings, hundreds of other parts that must be kept flowing in an uninterrupted stream into the factory gates. Thus the highways of Michigan are very definite extensions of the assembly line system that keeps the motor plants running. These elongated transmission belts reach not only into distant sections of Michigan, but into Ohio and Indiana, too. Raw materials roll into the plants along the highways, and the cars, tanks, trucks and other implements of mechanized war flow the opposite direction along the same roads. Even in normal times, without military orders, the plants

must depend on these roads, day and night.

In other cities and other States, other products are built by the same kind of highway-factory assembly lines. Congestion occurs at the city gates and in city streets and on roads just outside the towns. These roads carry men to and from work; they handle the foodstuffs of the workers, the materials for their homes; they are the short-cuts to hospitals; workers' children ride busses over them to schools. Thus the life of the community that is building war equipment depends on its highways.

In this period of emergency, it is a strategic necessity to make traffic more fluid in and near the larger cities, to build routes around them for through traffic, to build safety and speed into them, to give them the engineering design that makes for a large volume of traffic, to build them so well that they will last indefinitely, to gear them to tomorrow's problems as well as today's.

We can use the "Hitler Strassen" as a basis for these new roads which we must

have. His *autobahnen* are four-lane highways, divided by a fifteen-foot strip, with two lanes on each side. The lanes are ten feet wide, with shoulders three feet wide on one edge, two feet wide on the other, the entire roadway measuring sixty-five feet. If the pavement is concrete, the shoulders are of dark bituminous materials, and if the pavement is bituminous, the edges are white concrete. This contrast in color does make the road more beautiful, but more important, it is a safety factor, for it clearly marks the edge of the road, thus tending to keep vehicles in line.

Hitler's roads are what traffic engineers call "limited access highways." They are fenced from end to end, and anyone entering or leaving them must do so at specified entrances and exits. These are of the "cloverleaf" type, so that there is an uninterrupted flow of traffic to and from them, and crossroads for the most part are carried overhead. I counted forty-one of these grade separations in a single hour's drive . . . more than a motorist is likely to pass in a whole day's drive in America.

The property owner whose land parallels the road is not allowed to run his driveway out to meet it, and there are no hot dog stands to cause congestion and lead to accidents along the way. Of course pedestrians are *verboten* on Hitler's roads.

Now how should we change these specifications to fit the American scene, the American necessity and the American pocketbook? How can we improve on them and what can we leave out?

First, I believe that the American road should be wider. We drive faster than the Germans and need a little more room. So instead of ten-foot lanes, I would make them eleven feet, or perhaps eleven and a half feet. I think, too, that elevated or depressed highways into the centers of our industrial cities must be built if we are to eliminate defense work stoppages caused by traffic jams. I consider these through routes into congested areas of busy communities every bit as important as the highways that lead from city to city.

I certainly do not believe that divided highways are essential straight across the nation, as Hitler has built them. There are wide-open spaces in America where the flow of vehicles can by no stretch of imagination make that additional cost necessary. We must remember that one price Americans must pay that doesn't bother Hitler is the cost of right-of-way. The American property owner justly expects to be paid for land taken from him for highway purposes, whereas the German must give up his land and *heil Hitler* . . . or else. Because we do not confiscate property in America, one of our greatest problems is to secure land at a figure the public can afford to pay, which at the same time is fair to the original owner.

We have, then, our choice of buying narrow strips of right-of-way through farms, often at extremely high acreage rates to help pay for inconvenience to farmers whose fields we cross, or of buying those fields outright and disposing of land we don't need after the road is built. I know many a 65-foot right-of-way across a 40-acre farm that has cost the public more in purchase price and damages than the whole farm is worth.

One way to avoid this is to buy the entire farm at a fair acreage price, run a highway strip 1500 feet wide across it, and sell to the highest bidder the land left over after the road is built. This bordering land is worth a great



"I thought you psychologists explored people's minds!"

deal more due to the new highway, and as a result the State often would not only get its right-of-way at no cost, but would make a little money on the deal . . . money to use in the actual building of the road.

With a right-of-way 1500 feet wide we would be able to control billboards and other traffic hazards by keeping them back at safe distances, and besides, if at any future time grade separations became necessary, we would have the land on which to build approaches.

Hitler has "landing strips" for planes beside some of his *autobahnen*, and we could use this broad right-of-way for similar strips of concrete if time proved them necessary. Naturally, it would be ridiculous to buy a single foot more land than is actually needed in or near cities where values are high, but in the open country, where today we must pay excessive rates for a farmer's inconvenience whenever a new road separates his old pasture from his old barn, I think there is wisdom in the 1500-foot plan.

Cost of right-of-way under the present set-up must be borne by the States themselves, even on these strategic military roads, and I believe that because of the national aspect of defense, the Federal Government should share this cost with the States.

We should also set up unified speci-

cations for bridges and pavement on roads that have military value for the handling either of troops or material. For example, the War Department need never worry about our bridges built in Michigan the past eight years. Our state specifications require a strength of "H-20," whereas the Army lists only "H-15" as its need. In other words, our bridges are more than ample to handle a 15-ton truck, preceded and followed closely by 12-ton trucks, or they can carry the largest tanks built by any army today spaced fifty feet apart. If such specifications were general, in all States, the problem of detours around weak bridges would automatically disappear within a few years.

To make our federal road system complete, we shall be forced to build certain entirely new highways. One such road will have to be constructed between Boston and Washington, down the Atlantic coast, far enough from the ocean to be adequately defended against long-range naval guns in time of war, close enough to the shore to enable troops to reach any coastal point rapidly to repel invasion. It must avoid congested areas that would reduce the speed of traffic flow, yet be joined to the areas by feeder roads that are adequate to handle all industrial, military and civilian traffic.

Another such road must be built between Chicago and Detroit, and there is a pressing need of a similar highway from Detroit to Toledo, to join the several good roads that now parallel Lake Erie in Ohio. Pennsylvania's new turnpike, from Pittsburgh to Harrisburg, should be extended eastward to Philadelphia, and westward to join the present network that carries traffic toward Chicago, Cincinnati and Detroit.

Even with the best of roads there will come times when it is necessary to regulate and restrict certain kinds of traffic. It would be financially impossible to construct a series of military roads capable of handling peak loads of private cars, industrial trucks, defense vehicles and troop columns all at the same time. An American armored Division, of which we now have two fully equipped, two others nearly so, and three others building, occupies 81 miles of highway when it is on the march, and an 81-mile parade is a headache on any road. It will be necessary to set up controls, such as Hitler has, to detour civilian cars from any road when the Army is on the march, particularly in time of emergency.

In Michigan we have had such a plan in operation for several years on those Saturdays when our state university football team plays at home. State planes, flying at medium altitudes, watch the traffic flow, and when a jam threatens, they radio the fact to traffic patrol points on the ground. These control points communicate by radio with

police cars that immediately stop the flow into congested areas and send it, sometimes by detours of fifteen or twenty miles, along roads that are fairly clear.

That is better than the German way. In that country civilians are ordered off the *autobahnen* by edict for days at a time whenever the military decides to move. Americans don't like military edicts, but they will be more than willing to take a side road to avoid a military traffic jam or any other kind, if it means saving hours of time.

My State of Michigan is attempting to do its part in highways for national defense. We realize the strategic importance of our roads, for if America is the Arsenal of Democracy, then Michigan, with a billion dollars' worth of de-

fense orders moving down its assembly lines, is the tool shop of the nation. We realize that these highways are state-wide extensions of factory assembly belts and that a breakdown or a slow-up on the road is as dangerous and as costly as a breakdown within the walls of a defense plant.

Production today is being bogged down not only in Michigan but in nearly every other State because our system of roads is inadequate. It is particularly so along those overworked and under-built highways in industrial areas. Modern warfare is fought on the factory front as well as on the battlefield or in the air. Civilian production is every bit as important as military strategy. We can't build planes, tanks and guns without materials and it takes roads to get

those materials to the plants, and roads to ship the finished products from the plants to waiting armies. If the fight for democracy is to succeed, we must break the bottlenecks on these military-production highways. We must replace unsafe bridges, must widen roads where they need widening, must build the comparatively few miles of new roads to connect our industry to our army camps, and do this quickly.

Let us take advantage of Hitler's experiments by adopting the good points in his system, avoiding the unsound ones. Let us do it the American way, paying as we go. Let us build not only for war, but for the peace that is to follow. Let us build danger out of the roads and engineer safety into them. And let us do all this before it is too late.

The Message Center

(Continued from page 2)

simply got to win, against highway accidents. Also we carry a short account of what Kansas City, Missouri, has done to make its highways safer. Here is something to place alongside the figures of 35,000 dead and 1,300,000 injured that was the highway accident toll in the United States in 1940: Up to July,

1941, the number of persons killed in Great Britain since the beginning of the war in September, 1939, was 41,488. The number wounded in the same period was 53,498. That includes members of the armed forces and civilians. In the same period, the National Safety Council of Chicago asserts, 64,600 persons were killed in motor vehicle accidents in this

country, and the estimated number of those injured is 2,250,000. Maybe the restrictions on the use of gasoline will help a little, but what drivers need is to adopt Davey Crockett's "Be sure you're right, then go ahead," while all of us when walking should school ourselves in the old railroad warning: "Stop! Look! Listen!"

THE EDITORS

Numbers From The Fish Bowl

(Continued from page 29)

pens often) national headquarters gets the buck. But for the fact that the Selective Service machinery was built on a sound foundation, sponsored 21 years ago by The American Legion, it might have fallen apart before this.

Inspiration, luck and good judgment all played a part in the Selective Service structure placed upon that sound foundation. The vast majority of the men chosen to serve on the local and other boards were the right men. We are proud in Illinois that members of The American Legion compose more than 75 percent of our local board's membership.

Harried, for the most part, are the working hours of almost every Selective Service local board official and employee, but there are bright spots, and most of these are the laughs provided by the funny statements of many registrants, mostly those who offer reasons why they should be deferred from service in the Army. One young fellow told his board that:

"My mother has asthma, my father doesn't feel well, and I am planning to start a herd of milking cows."

Another testified: "My mother is married again, but her husband doesn't know anything about it."

A local board recently asked state headquarters to figure out the question-

naire of a young man who listed his dependents as:

"Wife, 28 years old; child, 11 years old; stepchild, 10 years old."

One young man wrote in to say, rather proudly, that he had no mental or physical ailments, then added, perhaps as an afterthought, that he once was under observation for "mental derailment."

Too much emphasis cannot be placed upon the importance of the local board to the successful operation of the Selective Service System. These boards, usually composed of three members, who serve without pay, and assisted by one or two paid clerks, form the keystone of the system. A local board has under its jurisdiction some 1,000 to 5,000 registrants. The number of local boards in each State is determined by the density of population. There are an equal number of advisory boards, composed of lawyers, whose function is to assist registrants to fill out questionnaires properly, and advise them as to their rights under the Act and under the Soldiers' and Sailors' Relief Act. Each local board has the services of a board physician or group of physicians to conduct the medical examinations. There are also medical advisory boards composed of specialists who decide on borderline cases. Appeal boards, composed of representatives of business, industry, labor and professional

men decide for or against the appeals of registrants from the classifications given to them by local boards.

Following registration the registration cards were shuffled and given a serial number, determined by each local board. These serial numbers were drawn in the famous "fish bowl" lottery at Washington, recently repeated for the group that has since reached their 21st year, to determine each registrant's order number. From then on the responsibility for providing men for the armed forces has been right in the laps of the local boards.

Messrs. A, B and C have been appointed members of a typical local board. They have taken a federal oath of office and have signed waivers of pay. They have hired D as chief clerk. D will be on duty at board headquarters daily except Sunday and will handle most of the filing, correspondence and routine office work of the board.

Soon after the first national lottery in Washington the board began sending out printed questionnaires to the registrants in the order in which their numbers were drawn in the lottery. These, to be returned in five days, are the original bases upon which the board makes its decision in classifying each man. Classification is guided, to some extent, by the regula-

(Continued on page 50)



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POISON TO COLUMN 5

(Continued from page 27)

ducted in the high schools of the State. Speakers are furnished to address high-school students.

In addition to other activities, the home defense committee has established a monthly publication, *The American Citizen*. This is an eight-page tabloid paper that is distributed widely in the schools, among workmen, and to citizens throughout the State. In this publication are found many inspiring patriotic articles. They are purposely written in a simple style so that boys and girls in high schools may read them with understanding. They are also intended to inspire citizens in every walk of life to accept their responsibilities.

The American Legion is the logical organization to head a movement to promote unity and cooperation on the part of all citizens in this emergency. The National Commander and the National Executive Committee concur in this, as is evidenced by the resolutions passed at the special meeting held immediately after the return of the Legion Mission from England.

Business and industrial leaders are anxious to join this movement. They feel they can support the Legion in its endeavors without being criticized as having ulterior motives or attempting to serve selfish interests.

It can happen only in the United States that men in professions and trades

will voluntarily join together, without regard to wealth or position, in an effort to promote patriotic endeavor that will result in benefits for all.

There is a place in the program of the home defense committee for every member of the Legion; a place for every citizen to do his part in the troublous days ahead; a place for the soldiers of the First World War to take the lead in cementing public sentiment for preserving our democracy. Instead of the Four-Minute Men of '17, the Legion should be the vanguard of the republic in '41.

If this war continues for several years, as some think it will, the Legion will be called upon with increasing demands to cooperate in promoting home morale. The Department of West Virginia has anticipated this call for service. In organizing a home defense committee and planning a program, opportunity is given every Legionnaire for a niche where he may render real service to his country.

WHERE DO I GO FROM HERE, BOYS!

(Continued from page 19)

point him out as a potential non-commissioned officer. But he is "basic material"—equally suited for an infantry or artillery unit. His card is marked accordingly. Jim Johnson, next in line, was a construction foreman—and in his spare time, a pigeon fancier. He will do either for the Signal Corps pigeon unit or the Engineer Corps. His preference lies with the pigeons. The alternatives are marked on his card; preference to the Signal Corps, if possible.

The cards go next to the Assignment Officer, on whose desk are requisition forms from the Replacement Centers where the draftee will get his training. Fort Monmouth, the Signal Corps Replacement Center, wants telegraph and teletype operators. Fort Knox, the Replacement Center of the Armored Corps, wants "basic material" of the unusual intelligence required by the "tankers." The Corps of Engineers wants experienced construction men. The Assignment Officer puts the classification cards into his sorting machine, and sets it to pick out the categories of the men desired. Along the edges of the 8 by 10 inch card are 142 numbered and lettered holes, each corresponding to a certain qualification of the soldier. As the cards go through the machine, John Smith's drops out as a teletype operator's, Edward Jones as "basic material" of exceptional quality, Jim Johnson's as a construction foreman's. Within 24 hours, each is on his way to the Replacement Center that wants him. Jim Johnson will have to build cantonments instead of tending pigeons, but he is equally qualified for both and the Army in this case cannot wait until there is a vacancy in the lofts.

When he gets to the Replacement Center, the draftee goes through another

and much more thorough weeding-out. During the thirteen weeks in which he learns how to drill, march, shoot, and take care of himself, he is continually under the eye of a unit personnel officer. If put down by the Reception Center as a specialist he is given a chance to show that he really possesses the qualifications he claims. John Smith demonstrates that he can use a teletype with speed and accuracy. He is put into the Signal Corps Communications School. When he is through with his 13 weeks at the Replacement Center, he has not only the basic training of a combat soldier but also a very thorough knowledge of his specialty. He is then sent off to an army post somewhere in the country that needs a teletype operator. Meanwhile at Fort Knox, Edward Jones, the ex-movie usher, is found by his personnel officer to have the split-second sense of timing and some of the other characteristic knacks which mark the potential tank driver. He does well on his Mechanical Aptitude Test—the same examination that is applied by most of the big manufacturing concerns to their candidates for machinists' training. He is put into the Tank School, where he learns the mechanical intricacies of the Diesel engine quickly, passes the examinations for stereoscopic vision, balance, quick reaction, acute hearing and other necessary qualities—which are almost as strict as those for the Air Corps. And his officers give him the informal and unwritten but stringent thrice-over which makes the Armored Corps harder to enter than a Nazi Panzer Division. Edward Jones, "basic material," becomes a tank driver, and is sent to an active combat unit. At the Engineers' Replacement Center, the building foreman, Jim Johnson, soon shows his natural aptitude for handling

men. More than that, he shows a particular interest in and ability for bridging operations. He is reclassified by his personnel officer accordingly. Within a few months he is a corporal and then a sergeant. "The good ones will show up every time," a young Engineer officer said to me in discussing this case. "We've just never had the chance to test them before under actual field conditions." They have the chance now and they are using it.

If, at the Replacement Center, a man shows particular aptitude, he is put into one of the schools associated with that Center. At Fort Monmouth, for the Signal Corps, he may learn to be a telephone lineman, a moving picture technician, a draftsman, or a teletype operator. At Fort Knox, for the Armored Corps, he can be made an expert in motorcycles, a telegrapher, or a wizard at overhauling a complicated tank completely in an hour flat. Partly because it works with men who already possess the basic aptitudes and knowledge, the Army teaches thoroughly and quickly—more so than the average technical school. "We're no miracle workers," an instructor at Knox remarked to me at my startled "What!" on the length of time required to train radio men; "we just have unusual material to teach. They learn so easily."

Distributing the men to the permanent combat units is a continuation of the same process. The command in Alaska will ask for so many infantrymen, so many artillerymen, so many ordnance or signal specialists. The experts in the War Department look at their tables, always kept up to date by the Classification Strength Reports of the 21 Replacement Centers—the inventory of their manpower. Alaska may have to wait for telephone technicians, say, because all the

available ones are being sent to the new Caribbean bases, but it will get them as soon as possible.

When the soldier goes to his permanent station, his Qualification Card, already augmented by the "remarks" of his officers at the Replacement Center, goes with him. The commanders are learning to study it carefully—to identify quickly among the newcomers those who are likely to be pace-setters, to help pick the soldiers who will fill the non-commissioned ratings, the backbone of any unit, and to have a complete inventory of the special abilities and talents under their command. A telegrapher who is fluent in Russian may not have caused much comment at the Signal Corps School in New Jersey, but is of vital importance to his commanding officer in Alaska. Radio operators proficient in Spanish are in great demand at our Caribbean bases. A man experienced as an athletic director, or a musician with a talent for organizing orchestras can spell—so the Army has found—much difference in the morale of an isolated post. Regimental Commanders are learning to be quick about their requisitions of the men they need. The grim lessons of Nazi thoroughness have sunk in on the average officer, and he realizes that the combat unit must have much better teamwork than ever before; and that such teamwork is only possible when the right man is put in the right place.

The mass of the draftees drop into the "basic" category—useful for anything not too complicated. They become members of rifle companies, anti-aircraft batteries, or artillery units. But among them, also, the process of selection goes on. While the man who shoves shells into an anti-aircraft gun requires no special aptitude, the soldier who serves the height-finder or the predictor that aims the gun must have very rapid visual perception, and is chosen for this characteristic. The anti-tank gunner must be able to sit quietly at his piece in the face of a roaring, clanking tank attack and wait until his terrifying enemy is within easy range. That, as the war in Europe has shown, takes a very special kind of man. The non-com in charge of the modern infantry squad—with its automatic weapons and rapidity of independent movement—must be a much more thoroughly educated and keener tactician than his predecessor of 1917.

There is only one method of finding the anti-tank gunner and the non-com who will automatically do the right thing—and that is by actual trial under field conditions at realistic maneuvers. The German army found that to be so. For a time, the German General Staff went in for the most elaborate kind of scientific testing of its manpower, in the hope of saving valuable time. Psychiatrists ran wild in the War Ministry. Candidates for the Panzer Divisions were given two days of the most complicated examina-



BOTH must breathe!

AT 30,000 feet—above all animal life, 10,000 feet above the extreme limit of Alpine mountain vegetation, higher than Everest, higher even than the South American condor soaring over Chimborazo—MAN FLIES!

Another medium has been added to the land and the sea, almost another dimension has been added to the air itself—the stratosphere. Here, planes can travel phenomenally fast, amazingly far; here are the high roads for today's bombers and tomorrow's transports; here are the new high battlefields where a superplane may rise to dominate the skies—and all the earth below.

But at 30,000 feet in the stratosphere the air is so thin that no human lungs and no airplane engines can breathe deep enough to sustain life.

Yet with the aid of oxygen masks man breathes and survives; and, with the aid of turbosuperchargers, American-built engines can breathe and fly nearly seven miles up—"on top" of the best combat planes of any other nation.

More than 20 years ago a General Electric engineer, Dr. Sanford A. Moss, equipped a Liberty airplane engine with a turbosupercharger that he had designed. And for more than 20 years, while America's aeronautical engineers designed ships to fly farther and faster, General Electric engineers worked to perfect the machine that would enable them to fly higher and higher.

Today, no bombers can fly farther than our American bombers, no combat planes can fly faster than our American interceptors and fighters. And, thanks to the turbosupercharger, no enemy planes can rise above them. General Electric, Schenectady, N. Y.

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tions. Their voices and handwritings were analyzed as a guide to their temperaments. The candidate's facial expression, when subjected to an electric shock or a pinprick, was studied. His reaction to sudden commands was tabulated, and his life history, background, and attitude thoroughly explored. This was all right in theory, but the High Command found with experience that even the most thorough psychological examination rarely established what a man would do under the stress of battle. The German army went back to choosing its men in the old way.

There is an idea among many people with no military knowledge that the success of the German army is due to a series of trick developments—of the Flash Gordon kind—which has enabled the Nazis to shortcut the painstaking labor which must go into the making of an army. All that we have to do is to find and imitate these methods and we shall have a full-blown army over night. The Germans have shortcut nothing. They have been working at their war machine for twenty years—and working hard. They have used whatever modern science could give them, but it has not

appreciably quickened the finding and proper placing of manpower. That still has to be done the hard way. Our Army is now, finally, in a position to do it. During the recent maneuvers in the South, and again during the coming huge autumn exercises—when two complete armies will meet for the first time—many thousands of men have been and will be picked by their officers for that extra performance which, to the trained eye, so clearly marks the quality of leadership.

If Edward Jones, the movie usher, proves by winter that he is not only an exceptional tank driver—for which he rises quickly to sergeant's rank—but he is able to show his commander that he understands the tactics of armored combat and has enough intelligence to make a good officer, he will be sent before the Selection Board of his post to try for transfer to an Officer's Training School. The Board's examinations are exhaustive. The senior officers of the regiment test not only his entire military knowledge, but pry into his whole personal life, his family background, his tastes, general information and opinions. Their decision is final and is generally very fair. Edward

Jones becomes a lieutenant the hard way. And he's good. He has to be.

With the officers themselves, the War Department in Washington and its Personnel System have a vast job ahead. Up to a few months ago hardly any attention was paid to an officer's special aptitudes or abilities. Seasoned infantry officers were used as public relations men, reserve officers with newspaper training as infantry commanders. This too is changing. At the moment 160,000 officers are being classified—just as the draftees have been—for their past service, experience, and specialties, and are being given Qualification Cards very similar to those of the private. On the basis of this check-up, thousands of officers—particularly those who have come in recently from the National Guard and Reserves—will be switched into the jobs that their experience best fits them for. It is as yet too early to see whether this organization is being built up as methodically and efficiently as the other. If it is not, our Army will be poor. If it is, we will be well on the road to an army which, man to man, will have manpower far superior in quality to that of the Nazi warlord.

What One City Did

(Continued from page 14)

fixing and sure punishment for those convicted of driving while drunk. To accomplish this, the police department installed a drunkometer, which makes a chemical test of the breath of the driver to determine the amount of alcohol consumed. In addition, an ordinance was enacted making the maximum speed 25 miles per hour on all streets while street lights were on.

Day speeds of 35 miles an hour were allowed only on specified streets, such as boulevards and arterial highways.

In 1939, only 32 persons were killed by cars in Kansas City. In 1940, the total was further reduced to 24,

winning the grand award from the National Safety Council.

Some of the credit for this phenomenal success is due to the activity of American Legion Posts and members. The police board president, Edgar Shook, is an active Legionnaire, and the board's vice-president is George Fiske, former National Executive Committeeman of the Missouri Department, Past Grand Chef de Gare of the Missouri 40 & 8, now department chairman of the safety commission, and a past president of the Kansas City Safety Council.

Through Mr. Fiske, arrangements were made by many Legion Posts to have safety programs given at meetings, the material and talks furnished

by the police department. These programs were also given to Posts outside of the city within a radius of 100 miles.

Many of these talks and demonstrations were given by Sergeant Clyde Bowers, active Legionnaire, supervisor of the accident investigation unit of the police department. Also contributing to the success of the plan was the coöperation of the *Kansas City Star*, through Robert W. Reed, news editor and state chairman of national defense for the Legion; Roy A. Roberts, managing editor, a member of the Irwin Kirkwood Post, and Arthur C. Wahlstedt, assistant business manager, Past Chef de Gare of Voiture Trois, 40 & 8.

35,000 TOO MANY

(Continued from page 15)

of the man telling the story: the brakes grabbed, the clutch pedal stuck, the steering gear jammed or a tire blew out. You probably know most of the answers because you have heard them or, in all frankness, maybe you have supplied a few really original ones all of your own. You know; just to ease your conscience or to impress upon your friends that you have been a victim of a capricious circumstance!

However, the investigating officer of the highway police or highway patrol

doesn't accept such excuses without verification. His record tells an entirely different tale—and it is on these records that insurance is determined; it is on these police records that courts award damages; and on these coldly unbiased records that drivers are sent to jail.

What did the police records show in the average highway accident? You'd be surprised—for they indicate that *the offending car was in good mechanical condition.*

Probably the driver involved was engaged in a bit of tricky or difficult driv-

ing, starting, turning or backing? Not a bit of it! He was, so the record plainly states, *driving straight ahead on an open road or street* when he caught up with disaster.

How was the lighting when all this happened? It was either late in the afternoon or early in the evening—and, just in case you are curious, it happened on a Saturday or Sunday when the traffic was heavy and the driver hungry, tired, petulant or over-anxious to reach his destination. The peak hour for accident fatalities is between seven and eight

P. M.—while the hour between five and six P. M. is the peak hour for injuries.

The typical driver wasn't driving a truck, either—nor a bus—nor a taxicab. He was driving a passenger car.

How do you like this portrait of the typical highway villain? Is he an unusual character driving under unusual conditions—or about the same sort of a person as you—or I? No, the people who have accidents are not unusual; they fall into no particular pattern. They are just average folks—in too great a hurry.

Let's see: 35,000 deaths and 1,320,000 injuries for the past year. Let's be practical for just a moment and see if we can arrive at a rough estimate of what all these accidents cost in hard cash. We must start on the premise that my estimates are extremely conservative and with the understanding that some well-qualified witnesses have already quarreled with their meagerness. However, they are purely relative and objective and presented solely for the purpose of showing that accidents are entirely too expensive.

35,000 deaths (if we value a human life at \$25,000, a ridiculously low and inadequate sum)	\$875,000,000
1,320,000 injuries preventing victim from earning weekly wages of \$30 for two weeks	79,200,000
1,320,000 disabling accidents, average doctor and hospital charge	132,000,000
1,320,000 motor vehicles damaged to extent of \$50 each	66,000,000

\$1,152,200,000

That's money, my friends, big money! But executives of automobile clubs, insurance people, State police and motor vehicle accident prevention experts all tell me the dollar figures are distressingly low and inadequate. That I acknowledge. But, for the sake of argument, let's say they are substantially correct. Our total defense program, as this is written, amounts to approximately \$48,000,000,000—and here is an annual cost item which represents 2.4 percent of that amazingly large defense bill. Worth thinking about?

The man on wheels is a menace? How about the man on heels? The humble pedestrian—and every motor vehicle operator is likewise a pedestrian, don't forget that—was most unfortunate, as a class, in 1941. Killed: 12,500, or 35.7 percent of the total highway fatalities; injured: 290,400, or 22.0 percent of the whole accident injury pattern.

Undoubtedly drivers and pedestrians must jointly share the responsibility for this terrible record. Too many pedestrians are openly careless and heedless—yet, many of these same pedestrians when they were behind the wheel of a

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car were the acme of caution and courtesy. But when they walked they blundered across street intersections and between intersections as if they were wearing some magic and potent charm against death and injury. Too many drivers expect the pedestrian to look out for himself. Result: tragedy that could be readily and easily avoided. This record could be remedied or reasonably modified if better thinking, more careful driving prevailed.

The pace that kills and spills is responsible for much of the steadily mounting toll of deaths and accidents. Over 24,000 met death simply because drivers were reckless or violated existing laws regulating speed and other such necessary curbs. At the top of the list, "exceeding the speed limit," tops all other accident causes—in itself it was responsible for the killing of 9,600 persons and injury to over 221,000 others. Avoidable? Of course! Every individual driving a car knows the speed limits—and that must have been true of the 9,600 killed. Violating a speed limit is an open invitation to an accident.

Do you drive on the wrong side of the road? If the answer is in the affirmative, let me strongly advise you to be cured of the habit as it is a most unlucky one. Ask the families of the 4,000 persons killed in this type of accident—or inquire of the 123,800 injured in the same manner. Is there any excuse for driving on the wrong side of the highway? I have yet to find one; yet the practice must be a rather common one considering the number of accidents which fall into that category.

Why do people insist on driving when they do not have the right of way? I don't know, but I suspect that those who have met sudden death by reason of this cause couldn't give a very sound answer, either. Even those injured and who can still speak say it's not good practice.

I don't like to think of over 700 children up to four years of age who were death victims of bad driving last year—or of the 25,000 in the same age-group

who were sadly injured and mangled. In fact, I don't like this diary of death a little bit. But, I can't help hoping that the 1941 record will be modified, cut down in its final months from the tragic record of 1940. Right now 1941's record is worse than 1940's. If fatalities make news, then the nation's banner headlines should concentrate on the daily highway death toll of almost 100.

This has been written almost prayerfully.

It has been written in the hope that there may be generated a greater interest in highway accident prevention. The toll grows from year to year in spite of the fact that each year sees greater efforts made to educate the public as to the wisdom of safe driving, in spite of the fact that there is a great need for more traffic engineering studies and for construction of more and better highways.

This has been written in the hope that it may make *you* a better driver. For one good driver can often save a poor driver from an accident. If writing this article can lessen the avoidable burden of pain suffered by millions of our people; if it will save a life here and there, then a fair job has been done.

The auto has accomplished so much; has added so much to our modern civilization, bringing us comfort, banishing isolation, bringing us blessings precious to our American way of living. Why should the car be labeled a killer?

Can we afford to sit idly by and watch an endless, sad procession of 35,000 or more funerals a year—can we remain sane and satisfied and inactive while ambulances scream their way to hospitals bearing over 1,300,000 injured victims of highway injuries?

Care today—here tomorrow!

Isn't it worth remembering? Isn't it worth applying in this business of going from one place to another—on wheels or heels?

If *you* don't care; if *you* don't do something about it, can you reasonably expect the authorities to care or do something about it?

But, if all of us worked together, in every State and in every community, don't you think we could do something pretty impressive in the way of saving life, suffering and property?

ONE of the most promising approaches to solution of the problem of motoring accidents is that of the Ford Good Drivers League. It is the belief of Edsel Ford, founder of the league, that better and safer motoring can be brought about by showing young people that it is smart to drive safely and stupid to drive any other way. The league avoids the "scare" approach and attempts to appeal to the sportsmanship and intelligence of young people. It is felt that the driving habits they form while young will be enduring habits which will contribute to their safety throughout their lives.

The league was started two years ago and at that time participation was limited to boys between the ages of fourteen and eighteen. Safety and civic groups of many kinds lent their aid and Mr. Ford provided a series of university scholarships as a means of stimulating widespread enrollment in the league.

Enrollees studied a book, "How To Be a Good Driver," specially written for the league by Ray W. Sherman and took actual driving tests on which they were graded by a competent observer. On the basis of these and an essay which was submitted, the boys were graded and the finalists chosen to compete in a national contest which was held last year in New York.

From a membership of 55,000 in the first year, the league grew to 170,000 this year. Girls, as well as boys, competed in the 1941 contests. Champion boy and girl drivers were selected in each State in a series of elimination contests and the 98 winners, from 48 States and the District of Columbia, were brought to Dearborn, Michigan, where the national champion boy and girl were chosen. These two got \$55,000 college scholarships apiece, and each of the other 96 got at least \$100.

misery. On the brighter side the cases of deliberate evasion and violation of the law have been few. The vast majority of the young men registered for Selective Service are ready, willing and anxious to serve their country. Thousands of them, rather than wait for a call, have listed themselves as volunteers for immediate induction. The facts learned in seven months of experience in the operation of compulsory military training prove there is nothing fundamentally wrong with the patriotism of our young manhood today.

Registrants who claim deferment on the ground of having dependents are required to submit affidavits signed by the latter. We all readily appreciated the difficulty of one young man, however, who wrote: "Baby can't sign—only four months old."

NUMBERS FROM THE FISHBOWL

(Continued from page 44)

tions but the local board is allowed a wide latitude. Men considered available for service in the armed forces, having been declared physically fit by the local board physician or group of examining doctors, are placed in Class 1-A and, in accordance with their order numbers, are sent each month to army induction stations. The number sent each month is determined by allotments received from state headquarters. Deferments, not exemptions, are granted to men deemed to be of key importance in industry, agriculture, business and the professions, to men who have families or others dependent upon them, in fact, for support,

and to the physically, morally or otherwise unfit. Men who object to military service because of religious scruples must answer a searching questionnaire. If they are found to be truly conscientious in the objection, they are deferred from army service, but must spend one year at their own expense at a camp, similar to those of the Civilian Conservation Corps, doing work of national importance such as soil conservation or reforestation.

Hundreds of wives and other relatives of registrants have attempted to use the Selective Service System as a missing persons bureau. Every board has had to consider tragic and pitiful cases of human

In the course of one evening at a local board office three registrants appeared to give reasons for asking deferment. The first said he wanted time because he had to be best man at a wedding. The second said, "A friend of mine is expected to die in a month or two and I want to be a pallbearer." The third, in all sincerity, said he was a good friend of one of the board members and wanted to be let off until fall so he and the member could go fishing this summer.

Perhaps the most glaring truth, and the most disquieting, which Selective Service has brought to light is the fact that a high percentage of our young men today are failing to meet the physical requirements demanded by the Army. Of the total number of men examined thus far, approximately one-third have been rejected by the doctors. This fact should be a challenge to the public health authorities of the nation. Bad teeth account for 20 percent of the rejections; poor vision and heart ailments, 10 percent each; 9 percent are rejected for general disabilities; venereal diseases account for 3.5 percent and foot ailments 3 percent.

Registrants who have been passed as fit for military service by local board physicians and are otherwise available are sent to army induction stations for examination by an army medical board. This is a strict, even a somewhat severe examination. The Army wants only the sound and robust for its ranks. This is as it should be. But what of the rejectees? Many of them, of course, will seek the aid of dental and medical science to rehabilitate themselves. Too many thousands of them, however, have not the means to do this.

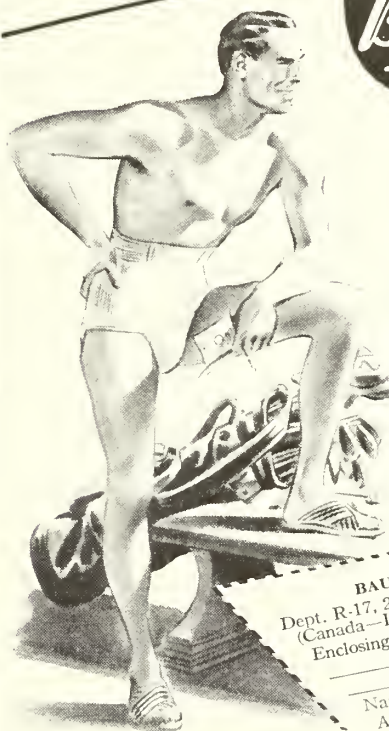
Widespread agitation in recent months for a lowering of the age limits prescribed for Selective Service resulted in Congress passing a bill, approved by the President, setting the maximum age at 28—that is, a man who has reached the age of 28 will no longer be subject to call. Provisions are being made to release from service those men already called who on July 1st last had reached their 28th birthdays.

A survey conducted at the army induction station in Chicago, covering the period from November, 1940, to April, 1941, bears out to a considerable degree the contention that men over 30 years of age are poor prospects for the Army. In the period mentioned 18,738 were examined. Of this total, 2,920 were rejected as unfit. The men accepted in the age group 21 to 25 numbered 9,609, or 60.75 percent of the total number accepted. Only 12.7 percent of this group were rejected. In the age group 26 to 30 the number accepted was 4,335 or 27.40 percent of the total accepted. In the older age group, from 31 to 36, only 1,874 were accepted, or 11.85 percent. Fifteen percent of the oldest age group were rejected. The figures apply only to the results of physical examinations.

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FINANCIAL STATEMENT July 31, 1941

Assets	
Cash on hand and on deposit	\$ 578,584.07
Accounts receivable	30,716.30
Inventories	88,878.18
Invested funds	2,474,407.98
Permanent investment:	
Overseas Graves Decoration Trust Fund	211,139.43
Office building, Washington, D. C., less depreciation	126,637.64
Furniture, fixtures and equipment, less depreciation	42,228.72
Deferred charges	24,264.34
	\$3,576,856.66

Liabilities, Deferred Revenue and Net Worth

Current liabilities	\$ 87,619.21
Funds restricted as to use	54,824.07
Deferred revenue	345,028.19
Permanent trust:	
Overseas Graves Decoration Trust Fund	211,139.43
Net worth:	
Restricted capital	\$2,380,105.47
Unrestricted capital	498,140.29
	2,878,245.76
	\$3,576,856.66

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PENSACOLA...HERE WE COME!

(Continued from page 13)

these pilots and as we winged our way alongside the leading three planes in the formation, with the wind streaming past my ears, I made a sketch of them against a billowy mass of clouds high above the checkerboard pattern of the landscape and deep blue of the bay beneath. At times we flew close into the formation and I could see the intense concentration, the great pride of these cadets in their work and the way they watched and followed every move of the leader. Twenty-four years suddenly rolled away as I remembered my days in the Navy and I envied them.

There is that priceless thing that gets into a man's blood in the Navy—the pride of service, and while all the strenuous training is being carried on this is gradually instilled into the budding officer even without his knowing it, as he

is given a thorough knowledge of the Navy, its doctrines, traditions and customs and purposes.

From land-plane training he goes to sea-plane work. He feels the thrill of being shot off a catapult, gets the knack of handling the big flying boats, and hours of practice at the breath-taking job of dive bombing.

Aerial navigation, chart work, the use of the aviator's sextant and the study of meteorology—weather to you—the pilot's got to know his weather, how to get around squalls and storms and to recognize them ahead of time so as to avoid them when necessary.

The queerest and most useful apparatus at the Station is what is known as the high altitude chamber. It's the first one actually put to active service use in pilot training. This machine looks like a piece from Mars when a group

of flyers are being put to the test in this hermetically sealed big steel drum. They have oxygen masks and microphones for speaking through the throat when the mask is on.

There's an altimeter and a thermometer in the chamber and by pumping out the air, any height, even the extreme height to which any plane is able to go, may be simulated. The descent may be made as rapidly as in a dive bomber. The pilots are all tested to find out their reactions to varying degrees of altitude and varying speeds of ascent and descent, so that those who can't stand the great changes of altitude will eliminate themselves.

At last the day arrives, the cadet stands proud and erect. The Commandant presents him with the biggest thrill of all—his wings and his commission as ensign in the Naval Reserve or second lieutenant of the Marine Reserves. Then off to the fleet for the real, continuous training—active duty.

ILL WIND

(Continued from page 9)

anger. It was the turnips made Jim Johnson maddest.

"I owe 'em something for them turnips, don't I?" Jim asked.

But the skipper had stood up slowly, being mindful of his knees, and was looking through the screen door at his office clock. "Five of ten," he announced. "Train must be in by now. I'll run up town and fetch the newspapers. See what they lyin' Rooshians are claimin' now."

Jim snorted again. "They learnt how to lie off the Krauts," he growled.

The skipper ducked into the quarters, took his flashlight from the desk and with it in his hand went down the steps and around the corner of the boatroom. The station lantern showed fog still rolling off the lake. The skipper halted in the glow and called back, "Hagan's in bed. He'll take midnight watch. I'll be back by then."

He poled on through the sand into the darkness toward the shed that served him as a garage and in a moment Jim heard the motor of his jalopy turning over, then the car panting like an old man as it climbed the hill to town.

Jim took a small chew of scrap. It was a long time till pay-day and he had to be frugal with his tobacco. He leaned back against a white post and squinted through the dark. The night, in spite of the melancholy southeast wind, still gave no hint of trouble ahead. Jim was thinking again of the kids who had got the Atlantic patrol assignment and was muttering to himself about it when two things happened.

They came together, but because he was not gifted with second sight, Jim Johnson had no way of telling what they

portended. The breeze dropped again and a fresh puff came out of the northwest, sliding over the damp dune. And at the same time the radio receiver began to buzz. Someone not too far away was warning the tubes on the calling frequency.

Then a voice came out of the speaker suddenly, a bold voice that boomed through the night and silenced the small grumble of static.

"Steamer *Laughlin* calling Port Huron coast guard," it shouted. Nothing exciting in that, Jim thought. Ships always were calling Port Huron about trivial things. But the voice cried again: *Laughlin* calling Port Huron or any other coast guard station or CQ."

Jim stood up quickly. That was different. Must be trouble coming up or why would the steamer want CQ . . . anyone who would listen? He let the screen-door slam after him. There had been alarm in the first voice, booming across the air. Maybe the night wouldn't be so quiet, after all.

The unshaded electric light above the watch desk made him blink. He sat down on the edge of the chair, his elbows on the desk top as a new voice flashed in at the receiver.

"Port Huron answering the *Laughlin*," it called. "Come in on channel 51."

With his right hand Jim twisted the dial; his left flipped open the toggle switch on the transmitter, to warn the tubes in case Port Huron called Harbor Bluff next. The *Laughlin* was talking again and she sounded close in.

"Small boat in trouble," she was saying. "Off Harbor Bluff."

Jim nodded. He'd guessed right . . . the *Laughlin* actually was close in. Just

offshore somewhere in the mist. Then he gave a little laugh, remembering. If all the boats on the lake went down, what could he do? Why, he could read about it in the papers, just the way he could read about the war. But he could not help. The skipper had just put it into words: No three-man station could launch its surf boat. . . .

"Fish tug, I'd guess," the *Laughlin* was reporting. "We almost run her down. No, we didn't hit her. She was off to port side. Look-out spotted her. We turned our light on her but we was making lots of headway and she fell astern before we could see her clear. We swung a circle then, looking for her. Couldn't see her again. . . ."

"How long ago was that, *Laughlin*?" Port Huron asked.

"Ten, twelve minutes. She didn't torch. Just lay there rolling. We see a man aboard her."

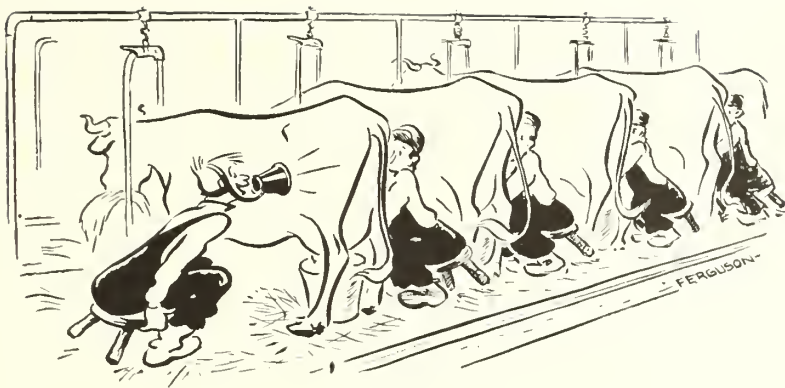
"And just where was this at?" Port Huron asked.

"Off Harbor Bluff. Mid-lake or a bit to west. Maybe fifteen miles off Michigan coast."

The shore station said, "Thanks, *Laughlin*," and added immediately: "Port Huron calling Harbor Bluff on Channel AB."

Jim opened the switch to the transmitter speaker. He kept his voice calm, saying, "Harbor Bluff answering Port Huron. Come in, Port Huron."

Why shouldn't he be calm? Nothing to get excited about, was there? A thousand fish tugs broke their shafts or blew out motor gaskets or busted feed lines or got their distributors wet every year. Sometimes they made port by themselves after fixing the damage and some-



times you had to go get them. And tonight the lake was calm enough. Nothing to worry over. On a routine call like this, any of those spindlebottom kids out on Iceland patrol could do the job. That is, if their station had enough men on duty to launch their surfboat.

Jim turned the dial half a point to clear up the distortion in the loudspeaker. Port Huron was asking:

"Any sea running, Harbor Bluff?"

"No sea running," Jim answered. He gave a little laugh. "Don't help us much here, though. We couldn't launch a power boat, not on a pane of window glass. All our boys has stepped out to the Atlantic. . . ."

"That's confidential information, Harbor Bluff," Port Huron barked. "We'll thank you not to repeat it. If there's no sea, maybe you could push off your small boat. You got a dinghy, at least."

"We have," Jim said, "for what it's worth," and laughed again.

One man in a dinghy, with a put-put kicker on behind it, hunting on Lake Huron for a fish-tug! He could look all night and all day and find nothing. How much water did Port Huron think there was out there? Yes, all night and all day. . . . He wanted to argue about that, too, then remembered that under general orders Port Huron was task-group headquarters now. No matter how silly they acted, they had authority. Like the brass hats at Cleveland.

The voice said, "Take a couple of men and the small boat and go see what you find." It did take the trouble to add: "Everything we got here's out on call right now, or we wouldn't send you. A drowning at Sanilac and yacht on fire in the river."

"Okay," Jim said. "I'm starting."

He climbed the stair to the bunk room where ten men used to sleep, and flashed on the ceiling light. The beds were still there in two neat rows. Old Man Hagan was snoring over in the corner, covered with enough blankets for January. He sat up, blinking and complaining.

"I got the cramps, Jim. If I just had a small touch of gin, I guess I'd . . ."

"Get up," Jim said. "Tend telephone and radio. Skipper's in town and I'm going on call. Me, in the dinghy. That's the Coast Guard these days, Hagan. Out

on call . . . one man, one dinghy. Enough to make the gulls laughs."

Hagan rolled slowly out of bed and eased his stockinged feet to the bare floor. Jim, at his locker, getting into his slicker, buttoning his sou'wester, taking off his shoes and putting on his rubber boots, could hear the old man. He was asking what the call was and where was the skipper and how could one man in one dinghy go out on a call, and why the devil did they expect a fellow with rheumatics to stay on duty, and wasn't it about time for the pension and what the hell?

Jim told him shortly, "Some fisherman in trouble," and without waiting longer, clumped down the stair to the watch-room.

As he passed the radio, Lorain wireless station was relaying some message to Lake Bluff about a delayed cargo of paper. It made him laugh again. Fishermen with engine trouble and delayed cargoes of paper . . . and off there in the Atlantic was a war going on!

He took a pocket compass from the skipper's desk drawer, a long five-cell flashlight from its hook on the wall, a plug of tobacco out of his best uniform jacket that hung beside the signal flag case. He stopped in the boathouse to gather up a couple of coils of extra shot-line that might come in handy lots of ways, then lifted a red tin waterlight from its shelf, being careful not to disturb the pulling ring. He might want it to see by out there. If so, all he need do would be pull the ring and toss the bomblike container overside and a great white flame would flare up as soon as it hit the water and burn, floating, for twenty minutes.

The pot-bellied dinghy lay just above the wash. He carried his armload down the track and stowed it in carefully. He made sure then that the oars and the short pike pole were under the thwarts where they belonged and counted the three cork belts, according to regulation.

As he turned back toward the boat-room, he realized that the southeast wind had dropped and new, fresher breezes from the northwest stirred the surface water. His second trip he brought the outboard motor and another five-gallon tin of gasoline. With it added to the

"He was flabbergasted by the **POWER** of **NITRO EXPRESS!**"



"Maybe he was some punkins hunting rhinos in Tanganyika, but that dude sure looked funny to me. He's lugging a queer gun with shells that don't pack near enough wallop."

"So out we go after jackrabbits. He's telling me about his special shells. 'Me—I'm shooting an extra special kind of shell, too—Nitro Express,' I says. And my shells did some work that had this dude flabbergasted."

"Next day he wants to try for pheasants. He got one that day—but I got my limit."

"Then we try the pot hole country for ducks. I get my limit; he gets half his. 'You must have to pay a lot for shells with a wallop like Nitro Express,' says he. 'Listen,' I says. 'These shells don't cost no more than any other heavy load'. That night we drive into town, and this feller buys a Remington Sportsman autoloader and a case of Nitro Express shells."

* * *

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tin already in the dinghy, plus the two gallons in the engine tank, he could get to Canada and back.

It was a handful, dragging the boat down the wash. He waded to his knees getting it afloat and then poled out to deeper water. The motor caught at the first jerk of the starting rope and he settled into the stern thwart and steered.

The sky still was overcast and fog still lay like a woolly blanket on the water. Jim glanced at his pocket compass. Down here the lake narrowed for the St. Clair River. It was only forty miles from Harbor Bluff across to Canada and the steamer *Laughlin* reported the disabled fish-tug as nearer the American side. Less than twenty miles, that would make it.

This dinghy could do a good ten miles an hour with the wind behind it, but how to find the tug once a man got out there? It would take more than seamanship, certainly, in this fog. It would take luck and plenty of it.

He had a fresh chew of tobacco, to keep himself company, and tried to figure. If those fishermen out there needed help, why didn't they torch? Any long-shore kid knew enough for that. Soak a slicker in gasoline and burn it on a pikepole. That always brought assistance. But maybe their matches had got wet.

He followed the compass carefully for an hour, then began to swing in half-miles circles. Twice he stopped his motor and listened while the dinghy tossed on the dying swells. The wind held steady from the northwest. There was no sound. No sight, either.

It was one o'clock by his watch and he was ready to admit he had missed the lost fish-tug when he made another wide circle, heading east, and there, almost dead ahead, a dark blur stood out of the water.

He steered toward it. It was a fish-tug, all right. Rolling loggily, just as the steamer *Laughlin* had reported. Jim fumbled for his flashlight. It showed a gray hull with a flat cabin and stenciled on the bow a Canadian registered number.

A man stood on the short stern deck. Jim pulled up alongside and tried to throw him the painter. But he made no attempt to grab it. Jim cut his motor and, uninvited, climbed aboard.

The man spoke first.

"Who are you?" he demanded. "What do you wish?"

"U. S. Coast Guard," Jim said, feeling foolish that even a Canadian fisherman should know how the service went to sea these days, one man to one small boat.

"Oh?" the other replied. "U. S. Coast Guard. I did not send for you." He was taller than Jim, a burly fellow, bare-headed, and with a slicker too small to fasten across his chest. There was a slight blur of accent in his voice.

"What port you out of?" Jim asked.

"From Saginaw," the big man said.

"Saginaw!" Jim exclaimed. He swung his light back to the fellow's face and stared at him. He couldn't be from Saginaw. He was lying. But why? Why would a boat with a Canadian registry number claim to be from Michigan?

"I have broken my shaft," the man said.

"And didn't burn a torch?" Jim demanded.

"Burn . . . a torch?" the other repeated, as if not understanding.

Jim hesitated. The very fact that this



"Your date wants to know if you said rain or shine."

fellow repeated those words proved that he was no fisherman.

"I requested no assistance," he was saying. "But now that you are here . . . very well, we go to the American shore in your boat. It accommodates three, in addition to you?"

Jim delayed answer again. He didn't like the fellow now. Didn't like his voice. It sounded almost as if he were about to start giving the Coast Guard orders.

"We can't leave your boat out here," Jim told him shortly. "We're in steamer lane."

"You are mistaken," the other answered. "We do leave it here." His voice had become still more brusque. It filled suddenly with command and he ordered, "Do as I say. I am armed. We are determined to reach the American shore." He shouted toward the cabin hatch and Jim swore under his breath. The fellow had used German. And two heads were popping out of the cabin.

"Why, you dirty Kraut!" Jim yelled. Then he saw the pistol in the big man's hand and waited motionless.

"Do not be foolish, Mister U. S. Coast Guard," the German warned. He stood by while the two from below deck caught Jim by the shoulders and patted his pockets, searching a gun.

"Not armed?" their leader said. He laughed. "The Americans, as I have contended always, are stupid."

He took Jim's flashlight.

"Come," he said. "Come quickly."

The three went overside into the dinghy. They were clumsy about it, Jim noticed. With the pistol pointed at him, he followed.

"Your own place, please," the leader directed.

Jim dropped down on the seat. His compass lay there, where he had used it. He moved over on it, concealing it from view. It might be, if he were lucky. . . .

The tall fellow spoke. "Unfortunately, we do not understand your particular motor, or we should leave you. Please, you will start the engine now. Steer toward the American shore."

Jim swore under his breath. His foot jiggled the waterlight that hung on its hook below the gunwale. A sudden crazy thought flashed through his mind and it made him laugh.

"That is better," his captor said, nodding. "It is better to laugh than be angry."

"Yeh," Jim agreed and pulled the starting rope. Obediently he turned the nose of the dinghy into the new northwest wind and headed toward Michigan.

"But no!" the German cried. He reached forward with his foot and kicked Jim's shins. "No tricks!" he warned.

Jim stared at him.

"You are not clever," the fellow said. "I remember how the wind blows, Michigan, I command. Not Canada, I leave Canada."

Jim thought that over quickly. The breeze had been southeast. It had shifted northwest. But these three, tossing in their disabled boat, had not realized it.

"Okay," he yelled back and swung the tiller handle and headed the boat for Canada.

"That is good," the man said. He settled back, speaking again in German to his companions. They had no English, apparently. Jim listened, trying to catch a word. He couldn't remember many in German, after all these years. You could understand a laugh, though, in any language. A laugh and the word *dummkopf!*

He stepped up his motor. The stars still hid. If he could make enough speed with this full load, he might reach Canada before tell-tale streaks of dawn marked the east.

"It would be clever, *nicht wahr*, Mister U. S. Coast Guard, to return us to Canada?" the fellow laughed, and sniffed the wind again. "In Michigan friends wait to conceal me."

"Oh, they do?" Jim said. "Where'd you get the gun?"

"A constable had an unfortunate accident, after we escaped," the German said. "He stood before our automobile to halt us. We did not halt. I took his weapon to remember him. Canadians, too, are stupid."

Jim bit his teeth together hard. "Hand me that gas tin, please," he said.

He did not speak for another hour, except to ask for gasoline whenever the

motor sputtered empty. The northwest wind held steady. But the fog was rising.

At twenty minutes of four he saw a light straight ahead. The shoreline emerged slowly. Lights shone one at a time, a little to the north.

"What town is that?" the German asked.

Jim thought quickly. It was Goderich, probably, in Canada. But they'd lied to him and they were Krauts and this was war.

"Harbor Bluff," he said. He added, "Michigan."

"Ah, Harbor Bluff!" The German gazed shoreward. "There friends wait for us. It is a larger place than I thought."

"Good town," Jim said. He steered toward the harbor.

"Ach, no, no!" the other warned. "Not there! We wish no welcome. To the beach. You we leave in this boat, well tied." He added, "Stop the engine entire, mister. We now use oars."

Jim obeyed. In the silence he heard another motor near the piers, by the shore lights dimly saw a boat pulling out. If he could get its attention. . . .

His knee touched the waterlight. The men forward were quietly fitting oars to rowlocks. Jim slowly reached the light, pressed it, heard its ring snap. It was ready now, need only be tossed overboard to burst into flame.

"That a boat coming out?" he called to the Germans.

His captors swung around. Jim had five seconds, unobserved.

Quickly he dropped the waterlight

overside, grabbed the kapok lifebelt and threw his weight against the port gunwale. Caught off balance, even the man with the gun grabbed the starboard side. As they shifted, Jim tumbled into the lake, dragging the lifebelt after him.

He came up quickly, shook water out of his eyes and saw what he hoped to see.

The light he had tossed over was blazing clear white, casting its brittle, clear illumination almost as far as the shore. His own capsized dinghy floated nearby. He heard men struggling in the water and a loud oath in German. Then the boat from the Canadian pier was rushing toward him. A constable stood in its bow, pikepole in hand.

"Take them first," Jim yelled. "They're Krauts!"

"And 'aven't we been lookin' for 'em!" the constable yelled back.

Jim helped himself into the boat. The waterlight, floating shoreward, showed the faces of the prisoners.

"So we're stupid, are we?" he yelled at them. "Americans and Canadians, all stupid!"

They glowered at him. But the policemen grinned, hearing his story . . . how even the shifting wind had conspired to trap the fugitives. The Canadians grinned more broadly as he finished.

"So the brass hats send these spindle-bottom kids to the war and leave me here, me that understands the dirty Krauts." Jim emptied water from his slicker pockets. "Feed 'em turnips," he said. "They'll like 'em better'n I did maybe—turnips and bilge water."

The Admiral At Yorktown

(Continued from page 21)

down the sandy coast—nineteen towering ships of the line, one 50-gun ship, one fire ship and six frigates. Their uncoppered hulls showed dragging masses of slimy marine vegetation as they lifted sluggishly to the long ground swells, and some of their canvas was streaked and dirty and patched. But for all that, the fleet was indubitably impressive to the awe-struck Continental scouts who glimpsed it from the Jersey highlands and scurried off to General Washington, now just outside Philadelphia, to bid him hurry his march lest he arrive in Virginia too late.

And while all this was going on, favoring winds had speeded de Grasse safely on his northward course, the only untoward incident of his voyage being a chance encounter with three British ships on August 24th. These he promptly captured without firing a shot and found that he had bagged no less than Lord Rawdon and his suite, bound triumphantly for London after successes at Charleston and Savannah; additional booty included several personable young ladies who were apparently attached to

the military personnel, though certainly not as Red Cross nurses.

On August 29th de Grasse's lookouts raised the twin landfalls of their goal, the windblown dunes marking the entrance to Chesapeake Bay. His fleet came grandly winging to drop its anchors with the sun in Lynnhaven Bay, just inside the protecting arm of Cape Henry.

Hardly had the last sail been snugged down on its yard when a small boat put off from land and approached the *Ville de Paris*.

"Ahoy there!" one of its occupants hailed the flagship. "Where's Rodney?"

In answer to this hopeful but mistaken Tory query, the only English-speaking sailor in de Grasse's crew cordially invited the unsuspecting English sympathizers aboard. They expressed some surprise at seeing the white uniforms of the French soldiery instead of the Redcoats they had expected, but it was not until they had been brought before de Grasse that they were disillusioned as to the true nationality of this naval visitation and placed under guard. Their boat, filled with fresh farm produce destined for the pleasure of British

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palates was hauled on deck, and mess that evening was a Lucullan feast gleefully dedicated by the feasters "to the honor of Rodney."

De Grasse, his rotund figure unusually well filled with satisfying refreshment, could reflect with happy complacency that evening on the perfect accomplishment of the first part of his mission. Ordinarily a stern and unbending disciplinarian whose martinet-like qualities were proverbial in the French service, the little admiral laughed and joked with his officers over the failure of the English to intercept his cruise.

"Ah, the brave English, they boast they sweep the seas, but we have broken their brooms, *n'est-ce pas?*" he beamed, his round face lighting up like a weather-beaten moon. An orderly brought him his after-dinner cordial and in the name of Neptune he toasted his squadron's future success. Yet even his exuberant optimism could not have envisioned just how overwhelming that future success would be.

Early on September 1st, 40 boats convoyed by four cruisers with fifteen hundred seamen and ninety officers from the fleet, took the troops up the James River to join Lafayette, waiting at Williamsburg. This was a risky maneuver that anyone less daring than de Grasse would have hesitated to attempt. During their passage across the Chesapeake from the fleet anchorage to the James the Frenchmen were unwontedly susceptible to a damaging attack; one quick sortie by Cornwallis from his York River stronghold, and Lafayette would have whistled in vain for the new levies he so sorely needed. But the Redcoat general blandly ignored this golden opportunity that came knocking at his Yorktown door. It never knocked again.

Moored in Lynnhaven Bay with his remaining twenty-four ships Admiral de Grasse had little to do except speculate upon the arrival of de Barras from Newport. Day followed uneventful day as the great vessels swung idly with the tides under the Indian Summer sun; and still no Barras.

Then suddenly early in the morning of September 5th there loomed in magnified majesty the snowy topsails of a mighty fighting ship lifting above the Atlantic's rim. And behind and at each side were others—five, six, eight, ten; and more behind them. De Barras at last!

Fluttering signals carried the good news to de Grasse and the rest of the fleet in the bay. An hour later another and more sobering message was flung to the breeze; the watchers now reported that the approaching men-o'-war numbered at least two dozen. Here could not be de Barras after all—it must be the English coming to do battle. This was confirmed a few minutes later when the *Aigrette* came boiling in from her ocean station with the news that the advancing armada was indeed British.

and was even then swinging into line of battle and clewing up its mainsails to leave the decks free for action.

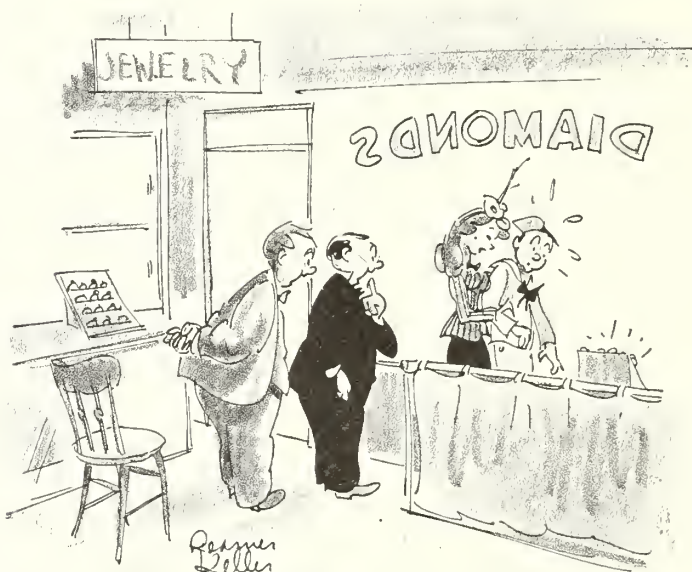
For all his excess poundage and sixty years, de Grasse could move fast when he had to. He had to now, and he did. The tide that had been racing through the channel would be slack at one o'clock; the French must be ready to seize this opportunity for easier maneuvering and make for open water instantly. There was no time for weighing anchor; cables should be buoyed and cast off and the men-o'-war would leave the Capes in whatever line of battle they could easiest assume, without regard to their regularly assigned stations.

So out they came. The *Pluto*, *Bourgoyne*, *Marseillais* and *Diadème* were the first to file into the rolling blue of the ocean as they pointed their prows to the east, and with them ceased all semblance to an ordered line. Half a

with sardonic satisfaction the dubious dilemma with which his rival superior was now faced, Graves swore mightily and loudly voiced the first idea that popped into his head: his entire line must come about at once and assume a course from west to east, parallel to that taken by the French.

In so doing he, like Cornwallis, muffed a glorious chance to effectually crumple the Franco-American alliance. With de Grasse set on a course that was leading him away from the Chesapeake, Graves might easily have slipped into the bay behind him, defended it against re-entry by the French, and at the same time acted with the Redcoats at Yorktown to snuff out Lafayette. This would have assured almost certain victory over Washington when the American arrived from New York, and would have forced the collapse of the American Revolution.

But Graves had been nurtured in a



"It won't be long now—the tar's beginning to melt!"

mile to the south the *Réflechy* and *Caton* were hurriedly tacking out of the poor position into which the tide had carried them, and a mile behind these two and still further south, was the rest of the flotilla clustered about the *Paris* and valiantly crowding on every stitch of canvas in their lockers to hasten their joining with the others.

But the English, steering a westerly course towards the Middle Ground, had no eyes for the niceties of nautical nattiness that might or might not be exhibited by the enemy in this sudden appearance. Their chief concern was with the fact that the enemy had appeared at all, a contingency for which they were not wholly prepared. And which enemy was appearing—de Barras, de Grasse? Or both? While Hood, heading the advance of the British column, regarded

school of naval tactics where the ritual of battle was as inviolable as the ceremony of afternoon tea. All sea fighting in those times was predicated upon the assumption that the opposing forces would be approximately equal; under such conditions the obvious thing to do was for both fleets to sail in lines parallel to each other and engage ship with opposite ship in a series of individual duels until one side was victorious.

Beautifully handled and in perfect alignment the British men-o'-war headed slowly into the wind. Canvas slapped and blocks rattled as the yards were hauled around; then the sails filled again and His Majesty's seamen were off after the French. Rear admiral Sir Francis Samuel Drake on H.M.S. *Princessa* was now leading the reversed line of the English and to him fell the distinction of fir-

ing the first shot of the day—an honor somewhat mitigated by the fact that he had to do his firing at one of his own command! This untoward circumstance was brought about by a bad leak which H.M.S. *Terrible* had sprung on the voyage from New York. Lagging behind, she came up when the shots whizzed across her bow.

Eight bells strike. The *Shrewsbury* and *Réflechy* are rapidly converging. The *Shrewsbury's* captain watches carefully as the two ships lunge ever closer together. Suddenly he raises his speaking trumpet and shouts an order. With a yell the gunners swing their matches to the touch holes, and the *Shrewsbury* heels back against the wind as a broadside rips across the waves. Its roar is echoed in the crashing destruction it wreaks on the *Réflechy*.

The English balls carry away a topmast, sending it overside in a welter of tangled rigging and canvas; gun ports are smashed into gaping holes as the dismantled cannon crush their crews; bulwarks disappear in clouds of jagged splinters that slice and skewer seamen like barbed daggers. A solid shot slams across the quarterdeck and the French captain collapses in a quivering, formless mass. For a moment the *Réflechy* yaws helplessly as her helmsman and second officer try to aid her stricken commander. Seeing her plight de Grasse signals "Draw off." But to do that would be to cut down what effective fire is left to her, by turning her unarmed stern to the enemy. The second in command brings the *Réflechy* back on her course, and she bravely surges ahead while her unwounded gunners reply in kind to the *Shrewsbury's* salvo.

As fire races along a powder train, so does the battle action spread down the opposing rows of fighters as they shift in each other's direction. Flame-ridden smoke, hugging the water, engulfs ship after ship. Spars topple crazily, and decks are cluttered with debris from aloft. In the intervals of firing is heard the ring of axes as the crews frantically strive to clear away the wreckage.

Now Drake's *Princessa* is engaged with the 74-gun *Diadème* at such point-blank range that the Englishman's opening fusillade drives the flaming wadding from his guns into the French ship's side. Further along the line de Bougainville and the *Auguste* have pounced on the hapless *Terrible*; if she leaked before the battle she is a sieve when the doughty Frenchman gets through with her, and she drifts impotently to the rear.

Graves comes to grips with de Chabert on the *St. Esprit* and suddenly finds himself almost helpless against the ferocity of the Frenchman's attack. Supremely indifferent to all disparity in size and armament, the little *St. Esprit* bores in on the British flagship. Her guns spit so venomously and continuously that the *London* is forced to give ground; she

swings into the wind and wallows helplessly in the trough of the waves, her great bulk blocking the fire and headway of sister ships near her.

Baffled by this unprecedented condition, Graves dizzily tries to find some way to carry the fight more determinedly to the foe but he succeeds only in confusing the issue. He seizes upon one idea and as quickly discards it in favor of another. His signals flash a series of conflicting orders to his bewildered subordinates. Abruptly he commands a change from line of battle to line ahead; five minutes later by the clock, that signal comes down—all ships will change courses and close with the enemy.

Appalled, he suddenly realizes that Hood's division is not in the fight; God in heaven, where is Hood? An aide points astern. There's Hood at the far end of the formation, moodily coming along in his own sweet time with not a gun as yet sullied by powder. The *London's* halyards blaze with bunting: Hood is to come in at once—at once, does he understand? And he is to come in fighting! Then Graves turns his attention to the immediate scene and orders line of battle once again.

But the *London* is still out of line, hopelessly jamming the necessary maneuvering of her neighboring vessels while de Grasse's *Paris* gayly leads the French fleet in pouring unrelenting destruction into the English hulls. Drake alone holds his own, and has reduced the *Diadème* to a pathetic shambles. Of her original complement of three score and four cannon, only four 36-pounders and nine 16-pounders are in action. Every officer and man aboard her is dead or wounded, every sail and mast has been shot away, more than a hundred balls have literally torn her apart; twelve round shot have pierced her hull below the water line.

Disdaining to bother further with the *London*, de Charbet charges up to the *Diadème's* aid. Blasting furiously at the *Princessa*, the *St. Esprit's* guns rake her fore and aft, above and below decks.

The red fall sun is sinking now towards the distant shore line. Hood at last comes grudgingly into position. He is too late to do any good. Far ahead of him over the darkening wave crests there is the rumble of gun fire, but it is rapidly dying as de Grasse presses home his advantage against the collapsing and disordered English opposition. White faced, shaken with anger and shame, Graves flies his final signal at six o'clock—"All ships draw off." The British vessels come about, dragging white wakes through waves bescummed with the offal of broken ships and bodies; the French fire a farewell salvo at the retreating sterns. At the head of the quarterdeck ladder on the *Ville de Paris* stands de Grasse, facing his happy and grimy crew. The slanting rays of the twilight, diffused by the shifting wisps



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of battle smoke, throw an aura of unaccustomed majesty about his figure and lend imagined inches to his short stature. Raising high his gold-laced hat he swings it exultantly over his head, and from ship to ship, from quarterdeck to fore-castle, rolls the victorious cheer, "*Vive le roi!*"

AFTER dark Graves called a council of war to discover what might be done to retrieve his fallen fortunes, and found exactly nothing. His total casualties were over three hundred, his ships were badly mauled—the *Terrible* was in such condition that she had to be sunk—and the two speedy frigates he had dispatched to keep contact with the French reported that de Grasse was holding his fleet in readiness to renew hostilities with undiminished verve whenever the British lion essayed another roar.

All the next day, and the day after that the rival squadrons circled about over the calm sea, just out of range of each other; then a storm arose and de Grasse put about for the Chesapeake, leaving Graves to his own devices, if any. Poor Graves didn't know what to do and could get no help from his subordinates; Hood openly admitted that he "knew not what to say in the truly lamentable state to which we have brought ourselves." So the proud English hulls headed back for New York, somewhat less proudly than they had once departed from it, and on the 11th de Grasse returned through the Capes to find in the bay the long-awaited fleet of de Barras comfortably at anchor! De Barras had arrived safely on the 9th, had seen and heard the last of the engagement with Graves but could not make out who was fighting who, and

so had stayed where he was to await further developments.

There were none, so far as the French navy was concerned.

Washington arrived to join Lafayette, and a meeting of the combined allied command was held on board the *Ville de Paris*, where the roly-poly de Grasse upset the dignity of the occasion by embracing the six-foot Washington and rapturously exclaiming, "Ah, my dear little general!" The admiral was all for setting out after Graves; Washington and Rochambeau wanted him to move up the York River and act as a cork for the bottle in which they hoped to place Cornwallis. De Grasse protested violently at the indignity of such inaction being forced upon a fighting seaman who had just proved his prowess in battle, but the two army chiefs were adamant and at length the admiral agreed and everyone was happy. "My dear admiral," beamed Rochambeau, "you are the most amiable admiral I know!"

But the amiable admiral did not prove quite so amiable a few days later. A delay in the arrival of the military stores made it necessary for the army to call upon the navy for all manner of provisions and equipment, and de Grasse's reserve supplies were quickly exhausted by the demands for meat, rowboats, firewood, water, vegetables, cordage, canvas and blankets. When the artillery requisitioned thirty pounds of candles from him, de Grasse finally blew up.

"Damn it!" he fumed. "You have stretched the blanket a little too tight!"

But the volatile seadog was a good sport and wrote Rochambeau, "I am a Provençal and a sailor, which is enough to entitle me to a quick temper, and

I acknowledge my fault, and trust in your friendship." And during the next three fateful weeks, as the echoes of the siege guns rolled down the river to mark the harvesting by others of a victory whose seeds he had planted, de Grasse could still stifle his disappointment and pen a note to Lafayette: "All the evening and night I have heard a considerable noise. Evidently you are tuning your instruments to accord with those of Lord Cornwallis. Make him dance lively for me!"

Even in the final scene of the drama, de Grasse was denied participation. When the English marched out of Yorktown in the October surrender that consolidated the success of the Continental cause, the admiral was grimly guarding against the surprise sea attack that never came. On November 10th, a month to the day after Yorktown fell, de Grasse sailed for the West Indies.

AMERICA never saw him again, and has done little to remember him or his services for her. Among all the avenues, squares, parks and statues that memorialize the great among our country's founders, there is only a little side street in present-day Yorktown that bears the name "deGrasse," and a representation of him on the statue of Lafayette which faces the White House in the nation's capital. But had it not been for that same François Joseph Paul and his swashbuckling smash of England's final bid for our Colonial mastery, it is entirely possible that today we would have had no country nor any founders to honor.

So perhaps the country as a whole is de Grasse's most fitting memorial. And perhaps that is enough.

EAST MEETS WEST

(Continued from page 33)

President of The American Legion Auxiliary, I have sent a goodly-sized shipment to the Veterans Craft Exchange, 30 West Washington Street, Chicago, Illinois, which is operated by the Auxiliary of the Department of Illinois. To help others, as the first article helped me, I wish you would write another article and call it "There is Another Market."

Acting on the suggestion of Comrade Schouten, the Step Keeper wrote for information about the Veterans Craft Exchange and about its work. This Exchange, it is a pleasure to know, is organized on a coöperative plan similar to the Boston Exchange which operated for many years. The Chicago Exchange, too, has facilities to care for goods sent in by disabled and handicapped veterans from any place in the United States; the small sales service charge in no way

meets the overhead expense of running the shop.

In reply to our inquiry, Mrs. Lucille Dowd, who has served as Chairman of the Exchange Board since its organization, writes: "December 15, 1941, marks the third milestone in the life of the Veterans Craft Exchange, 30 West Washington Street, Chicago. This attractive gift shop is the outlet for the handicraft of handicapped veterans or their dependents the country over. Operating with one salaried veteran on duty at all times, the shop is further manned by volunteer Auxiliary saleswomen.

"The Department of Illinois, American Legion Auxiliary, and the Past President's Parley are jointly responsible for the organization of the shop and the service it is rendering. We have on file dozens of letters from veterans who have been materially aided to self-support through the shop outlet for their

pieces of handicraft. The growth of the business, due in large measure to the Auxiliary Units in Illinois, has far exceeded the carefully thought-out business plans of the Committee which originally presented the plan to the Department Convention in 1937.

"The Veterans Craft Exchange is Illinois' way of offering a chance of financial independence to the handicapped. This truth is realized by the dozens of people who regularly receive monthly checks for sales of their goods from the shop. During the past year the Exchange has returned more than \$9,000 to exhibitors."

Looking Ahead

IF AN organization like The American Legion develops after the present emergency, the youngsters from La Grange, Illinois, in the Army and Navy of 1941 will find themselves well grounded to



start a local Post, says Fred J. Ashley, Past Commander of LaGrange Post and Chairman of the Legion's Department Public Relations Commission.

Mindful of its own struggle in the early days, LaGrange Post has set aside the sum of \$1,000 to be used as a nest egg by the members of any veterans' organization group formed in its community, with the stipulation that such a local group must be a recognized unit of some national organization of service men brought into being by the present military situation.

LaGrange Post has a distinguished record in community service, and it has the unique distinction of having reached a new high in membership for each of the past twenty-one years. It now has 536 members against twenty-four in 1920.

In Memory

IN memory of the late Ralph T. O'Neil, (Dyke to all his friends), whose long Legion record included Commander of Capitol Post, Topeka; Commander of the Kansas Department, and National Commander of The American Legion, a special service was held during sessions of the Department Convention at Topeka on August 31st. A bronze tablet commemorating his name and services was unveiled at Department Headquarters in the Memorial Building.

The plaque is surmounted by the Legion emblem, and bears the following inscription: "Ralph T. O'Neil, 1888-1940, National Commander, The American Legion, 1930-31. In remembrance of his gallantry as a soldier—fidelity as a friend—ability as a lawyer and nobility of character in every aspect of a worthy life."

Father's Day

NEW YORK CITY celebrated Father's Day by holding a big public meeting on the Mall in Central Park,

with more than five thousand persons attending. The service was sponsored by Lexington Post, writes Commander Jeremiah F. Maher, in coöperation with Ruppert's Memorial Post, Private Chauffeurs Post, Colonel Francis Vigo Post and Railway Mail Post, and the principal addresses were broadcast from coast to coast over a CBS network of ninety-four stations. One of the features of the meeting, in addition to addresses by County Commander Alvin S. Mela, Newbold Morris, President of New York's City Council, Neville Miller, President of the National Association of Broadcasters, and others, was the presentation of Legionnaire John Kelly, of Private Chauffeurs Post, who had been selected as "American Legion Father for 1941" by the County Posts.

Miss Democracy

"LAST January we conceived the idea of putting on a popularity contest to select some young lady to be crowned as Miss Democracy at a grand military ball to be held on Flag Day," writes Charles A. Grembowicz, Americanism Chairman of Walter Stelmazek Post of Chicago, Illinois. "It was a success, so much so that the Post's effort was praised by Legion and civic leaders as having been 'one of the finest and most versatile American Legion celebrations ever witnessed.' The climax came on the night of June 15th when Miss Democracy and her court of ten young ladies representing Justice, Freedom, Righteousness, Vigilance, Loyalty, Comradeship, Devotion, Determination, Americanism and Patriotism, led a capacity crowd in an Americanism program, followed by a brilliant military ball."

Shorts and Overs

THE Grand Rapids (Michigan) Council of the Legion has secured a lease from the city for property which

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YOUR LEGION BUTTON

Your Legion button in your coat lapel is proof of your Americanism. It's your symbol of service to God and Country in 1917-1918 in war—through twenty years of peace—now again in the face of a great conflict. It identifies you as a true American, a patriot, a worker for the cause of freedom.

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has been converted into The American Legion Boat and Canoe Club, with membership limited to the seven Posts belonging to the Council . . . Thomas B. Shaughnessy Post and West Duluth (Minnesota) Post pooled their efforts in a money-raising campaign and directed the formal dedication of Duluth's new All-Sports Stadium on July 16th. Commander C. D. Morrow of Shaughnessy Post gave Mayor Edward B. Hatch a check for \$1,100 to be used by the city toward installing lighting equipment for night games. . . . San Diego (California) Women's Post, according to Past Commander Marion W. Fisher, sent its Girl Scout Troop of twenty-four members to their camp on Lake Cuyamaca for a three-day outing during the month of August. It was notable in that this Troop has the distinction of being the first to attend the camp in a body. . . . Lloyd H. Cornwall, Commander of Paris Post No. 1, is located at 3126 S. W. Fairview Boulevard, Portland, Oregon, and would like to hear from members of his Post.

"We are nearly all over here now," says Commander Cornwall, "and we should keep in touch with each other until that day when we will once more get together in Paris."

NEELY-TABOR POST and its Auxiliary, Clio, Michigan, reports Commander Oscar E. Logie, recently presented a 75-millimeter gun to its home city. The trophy has been mounted on a concrete base in the city park . . . United States Lines Post, New York City, has changed its name to American Merchant Marine Post and has opened its membership to all World War veterans who are employed by American steamship companies afloat and ashore, and to employees of Government agencies directly concerned with the expansion and operation of the national merchant marine. Membership heretofore has been restricted to employees of the United States Lines. Walter H. Jones is Commander . . .

BOYD B. STUTLER

HIGHBALL! LIGHT RAILWAY

(Continued from page 37)

workers and plenty of English girls who were stationed in Tours as telephone operators and on other jobs. There were also many French girls from Tours. Three or four trucks made the trip into Tours to pick up the girls and then after the dances, delivered them to their lodgings in the city. We certainly all had fine times. Mr. Elliott, better known as 'Dad' to the soldiers, was a great old scout. He was always ready to help the boys and I can tell you the boys thought the world of him. There were also two Y girls and they surely did their bit.

"You may wonder why my pictures are captioned in French. I am of French extraction, having been born in Canada, and as my folks cannot read English too well, I had to write descriptions of the pictures in French so they could make them out. As soon as I got pictures, I would caption them and send them home to Lowell.

"It would be nice to get letters from the men with whom I served and also from soldiers who used to attend those dances. Perhaps some may be able to recognize themselves in the picture."

EVERY so often we get a complaint from one of our women readers that the work of women during the World War isn't reported in this department. That isn't the fault of The Company Clerk as often he has extended a special invitation to the women to submit wartime pictures and stories.

Now, however, we are happy to introduce a group of women who haven't before been represented in these col-

umns, and we can thank Miss E. Jeanette Couture of 350 Beacon Street, Boston, Massachusetts, for sending the picture of the telephone operators and for this good account of their service in the A. E. F.:

"Upon our entry into the World War in 1917, the United States Army took a radical and unprecedented step in enlisting a group of young women to serve as telephone operating units of the Signal Corps. Not before had American women served in field operations except as nurses attached to the Medical Corps.

"On December 11, 1917, the Signal Corps of the Army issued a bulletin entitled 'Information Relative to Telephone Operators for Duty in France.' This bulletin, in general terms, sketched the requirements for admission to the units, the various grades and the salaries, rations, quarters, transportation allowances, and the proposed uniform. It set forth clearly and emphatically that applicants must be able to speak both French and English fluently. Quite significant was the language of the bulletin in stating that: 'This will be the only unit composed of women which will actually wear Army insignia.' It was further remarked that the unit was to be, to some degree, modeled after the signal branch of the British Women's Auxiliary Corps.

"Instruction schools for operating switchboards were inaugurated at several points in the United States, one of which was located at Lowell, Massachusetts. On June 9, 1918, a letter of instructions advised unit members as to their duties, shopping to be done and so on, during the week spent in New

York prior to embarkation for France. "The Fourth Unit, Telephone Operators, of which I was a member, was photographed on the roof of the American Telephone and Telegraph Building, 195 Broadway, New York City, on June 13, 1918, and a few days thereafter sailed for France. Other groups had seen



foreign service as early as April 30, 1918.

"Six groups, totaling 223 women, eventually reached the other side where they served in Brest, Tours, Toul, Bordeaux, Bassens, Chaumont, Langres, Neufchâteau, Paris and many other strategic centers. Although the Armistice was signed in November, 1918, there were sufficient communication demands to employ the various units until the fall of 1919.

"The Signal Corps women telephone operators handled the switchboards during the day time and a few men took over the work at night when calls subsided. The women's group was organized when General Pershing had difficulty in establishing his calls through the French exchanges, and oftentimes was disconnected. The General himself cabled Washington and asked that American units of French-speaking telephone operators be organized and sent to the A. E. F. The girls helped in keeping up the morale of American soldiers through dances, games and parties several nights each week. Also, on transports they assisted in taking care of the sick and wounded.

"The work performed by the telephone operating units was very highly commended by all grades of army officers

from General John J. Pershing down along the line. Again and again these commendations refer to the promptness, accuracy, intelligence and courtesy which these picked groups of young women displayed in the performance of their arduous duties. Perhaps this unsolicited appreciation is nowhere better summed up than in the following brief words of praise from an army officer of high rank:

"The operators have proven themselves to be among the finest examples of American womanhood, whose service to the nation has been incalculable and deserving the highest honor."

"Although we were subject to court-martial and were under Signal Corps regulations under direction of Signal Corps officers, we did not learn until just before we returned from the A. E. F. that we were not in regular enlisted service.

"We have organized a veterans society and held a most successful reunion in Boston last year in conjunction with the Legion National Convention. A second reunion was scheduled during the Milwaukee convention. I trust that those women who are not joined with us will write to me so they may be advised of future activities.

"The enclosed picture shows some of the telephone girls on duty at Tours, France, which was the headquarters for our units."

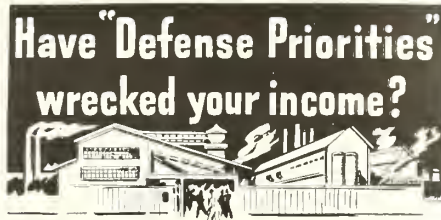
AND again something new under the sun for the Then and Nowers to enjoy. Communication, like transportation, was a vital need in wartime service, and as we all know homing pigeons played dramatic roles in this service in several instances. We have in mind, of course, the relief of the so-called Lost Battalion from the Argonne Forest, wherein a pigeon was found to be the last means of getting communication re-established with headquarters.

But here is a different, novel use of pigeons—ship-to-shore service—as told by Legionnaire Harry Courtright of

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 ERNEST W. PAYNTER, San Pedro (California) Post.
 HERBERT M. STOOFS, 1st Div. Lieut. Jefferson Feigl Post, New York City.
 PHIL CONLEY, John Brawley Post, Charleston, West Virginia.
 PAUL G. ARMSTRONG, Square Post, Chicago, Illinois.

Conductors of regular departments of the magazine, all of whom are Legionnaires, are not listed.



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the Post in Shelbyville, Illinois. Read on:

"The recent article in *Then and Now* about President Wilson making a Fourth of July address aboard the U. S. Transport *George Washington* back in 1919, when returning from his second trip to Europe, reminds me of one of my keepsakes of his first journey to the A. E. F. on that same transport not long after the Armistice was signed—I think in December, 1918.

"After the ship had left the pier behind some miles, carrier pigeons were released with messages from notables in the presidential party to friends and relatives ashore. Whether as a stunt or to train the pigeons is left for you to guess.

"The messages of President and Mrs. Wilson and of Robert Lansing, Secretary of State, appeared to me to be interesting mementos and so I made facsimile copies of them from the originals. Sometime after the war was over, I sent a blue-print copy of the messages to President Wilson and Secretary Lansing and received acknowledgments from both of them with thanks for my kindness. Those letters are also in my archives.

"How did I manage to get these copies?—well, this long a time after discharge from service, I assume I can take a 'now it can be told' attitude, and tell the story:

"At the time I held the grade, but not the pay, of acting master gunner in the 57th Coast Artillery Regiment at Sandy Hook, New Jersey. The master gunner is under the artillery engineer officer, and so is, or was, the pigeon section. The homing pigeons, when released, came to our office, where the clerk received the messages direct from the pigeon sergeant and then mailed them to the people to whom they were addressed. My office was in the same building, so when the Wilson and Lansing messages arrived I borrowed them, took them back to my drawing table, made a copy of each message on some thin paper and then a tracing from this copy. I hung onto these until I got home. And now I thought *Then and Now* readers might like to see those messages.

"My government connections, both civilian and military, are as fantastic as fiction—or so it seems to me. I started

as a letter carrier in 1909. Then I was appointed local civil service examiner a few years later. Three government jobs are all I hold, but only get paid for one at a time—civil service examiner, city letter carrier and reserve officer.

"Back in '17 before the draft law was passed, I applied for officer training, for service in the Air Corps, and for the job of sergeant in an engineer outfit being recruited in Chicago. I had worked three years as a draftsman before carrying mail. No dice on a commission; I passed the first couple of weeding-outs, but, no college degree, no chance. I wrote to the engineer outfit in Chicago—they'd gone. I jumped to a recruiting station and tried for Coast Artillery—no vacancies. Hung around until there was one and was sent to Jefferson Barracks, Missouri, until vacancies occurred at Fort Hancock, New York, and I was taken off K. P. to go along.

"The drill sergeant thought I knew something about drilling—I didn't—but he made me acting corporal in an old-time Regular outfit, 2d Company at Sandy Hook. Yes, I learned soldiering among old timers for I enlisted in the Regular Army and you know what a riding I got. Then on January 11, 1918, the 57th Coast Artillery Regiment was formed of Regulars, New York National Guard and new enlisted men and draftees, and I was made acting master gunner, which corresponds to master sergeant now. I was rated, but not warranted; I did the work, had the privileges, but drew private's pay. I trained reconnaissance detail and was set for overseas and a warrant, but a War Department order said no specialist could go over without a warrant.

"I applied for officer's training at Ft. Monroe, Virginia, and was one of 31 accepted out of over a hundred. To Monroe in July, then the flu, hospital, and so far behind in classes that I resigned and returned to Hancock. It wasn't bad—a permanent pass with forty-eight hours in New York City every week. I bunked in my own office, answered but two calls, mess and pay. Work from 8 to 11:30 and 1 to 4:30. drawing, blue-printing, some surveying, photographic work and printing of some firing data, etc.



"Yes, I served on this side of the pond—that's war for you. And now I'm too darned old to be called. Wonder what's become of the veterans of the Battle of Sandy Hook?"

REUNIONS during the Legion National Convention in Milwaukee—and we listed a total of 111 of them in the September issue—are now happy memories for the thousands of Legion-



naires who attended them. Many of the veterans' organizations which meet regularly with the National Convention are already looking forward to their 1942 reunions—and we'll announce the name of the Legion's host city just as soon as this information is available.

During the intervening months, however, there will be plenty of reunions scheduled and information regarding those announced below may be obtained from the Legionnaires listed:

RAINBOW (42d) Div.—Rainbow Division Monument, marking birthplace of Division at Camp Mills, will be unveiled at Clinton Road Station and St. James Place, Garden City, L. I., N. Y., afternoon of Columbus Day, Oct. 12. Parade from 4th Regt. Armory, Hempstead, will precede unveiling. Rainbow vets, all Legionnaires and friends are invited to participate. For particulars, write G. E. Seaman, 60 E. 42d St., Room 1807, New York City.

Soc. of 1st Div., INDIANA BRANCH—Regular meetings, 1st Sunday each month, 2:30 P. M., at World War Memorial, Indianapolis. A. R. Brenton, pres., 3914 Spann Av., Indianapolis.

2d Div.—Proposed reunion, Wichita, Kas., in Oct. For details, write Herman Tribue, 405 S. Market St., Wichita.

Soc. of 5th Div.—Copies of 5th Div. History still available. Five dollars. Wm. Barton Bruce, natl. historian, 48 Ayrault St., Providence, R. I.

Soc. of 5th Div.—For roster, send name and address to T. E. Dunn, 201 N. Wells St., Chicago, Ill.

Soc. of 28th Div.—For membership in organization of 5,000 28th Div. vets, write Lambert J. Sullenberger, natl. v. p., 535 S. Lime St., Lancaster, Pa.

33d Div. WAR VETS. ASSOC.—For membership, send name and address to Clarence H. Hale, exec. comm., R. 3, Somerville, N. J.

RAINBOW (42d) Div. VETS.—Annual natl. reunion and convention, Orlando, Fla., July 13-15, 1942. Barney J. Sullivan, reunion chmn., Court House, Orlando.

91st Div. ASSOC.—Annual convention-reunion, San Francisco, Calif., Oct. 3-5. Larry Barrett, gen. chmn., 128 Veterans Bldg., San Francisco.

130th INF. & 4TH ILL. INF.—15th reunion, Dieterich, Ill., Oct. 4-5. Joe E. Harris, secy., Paris, Ill.

Co. E, 23d INF.—To complete roster, write Andrew C. Eriksen, 9 S. Warren, Dover, N. J.

Hq. Co. 108th INF.—Reunion, Fox Head Inn, Niagara Falls, Ont., Nov. 8. Lawrence L. Varley, 733 Tonawanda St., Buffalo, N. Y.

Co. F, 116th INF. (2d VA.) VETS. ASSOC.—6th reunion, Chase City, Va., Nov. 11. R. H. Ragland, secy., 118 Richelieu, Roanoke, Va.

Co. I, 138th INF.—Reunion, St. Louis, Mo.,

Nov. 8. A. L. Bardgett, secy., 802 Frisco Bldg., St. Louis.

Co. I, 141st INF.—Reunion of Stick Club, Texas Hotel, Ft. Worth, Tex., Oct. 4-5. W. E. Suter, secy., Box 265, Woodville, Tex.

Co. C, 143d INF.—Reunion, Jasper, Tex., Nov. 11. M. P. Stewart, secy., 1475 Cartwright, Beaumont, Tex.

Co. L, 325th INF.—Reunion, Springfield, Mass., Oct. 25. A. W. Silliman, Ardsley, N. Y.

3d PIONEER INF. VETS. ASSOC.—Reunion, Minneapolis, Minn., Nov. 13. Joel T. Johnson, pres., 411 Essex Bldg., Minneapolis.

133d M. G. BN. ASSOC.—Reunion, Ft. Worth, Tex., Oct. 4-5. Jesse J. Childers, 223 S. Covington St., Hillsboro, Tex.

323d F. A.—Annual reunion, Fort Pitt Hotel, Pittsburgh, Pa., Oct. 25. Edw. C. Ifft, secy., 1023 3d Av., Beaver Falls, Pa.

BTRY. D, 80th F. A. ASSOC.—Reunion, Philadelphia, Pa., in Nov. For date, write F. C. Grieves, 3931 N. Percy St., Philadelphia.

BTRY. E, 150th F. A.—Reunion, Indianapolis, Ind., Oct. 24-26. C. K. Gregg, 6094 Ralston Dr., Indianapolis.

VETS. 13TH ENGRS.—13th reunion, St. Joseph, Mo., June 19-21, 1942. Jas. A. Elliott, secy., trcas., 721 E. 21st St., Little Rock, Ark.

304TH ENGRS. VETS. ASSOC.—Annual reunion, Philadelphia, Pa., Nov. 8. Dave Bainbridge, 208 Yeakle Av., Erdenheim, Phila., Pa.

314TH ENGRS. VETS. ASSOC.—Annual reunion, York Hotel, St. Louis, Mo., Nov. 8. Bob Walker, secy., 2720 Ann Av., St. Louis.

115th F. S. BN.—For roster, write Ralph H. Gilbert, 1308, 140 West St., New York City.

308th F. S. BN. VETS. ASSOC.—Reunion, Columbus, Ohio, Oct. 11. Wm. P. Crawford, secy., 2617 Coventry Rd., Columbus.

322d F. S. BN.—Reunion-dinner, San Francisco, Calif., Nov. 8. J. Basco, 80 Ellis St., San Francisco.

320th F. S. BN., Cos. A, B & C.—Reunion-dinner, San Francisco, Calif., Nov. 8. A. W. Ward, Rm. 312, 564 Market St., San Francisco.

Hq. DET. TRANS. CORPS., AEF.—5th reunion-dinner, P.R.R. Post (A.L.) Clubhouse, 3204 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa., Nov. 10. Edw. A. Fitzharris, R. 1, Meeting House Rd., Bedford, Mt. Kisco, N. Y.

113TH SUP. TRN.—Reunion, Forest Park, Noblesville, Ind., Oct. 5. Virgil H. Smith, 58 Chicago St., Valparaiso, Ind.

UTILITIES DET., CAMP DODGE.—Annual reunion, Minneapolis, Minn., Nov. 10. Ray H. Luther, comdr., 538 N. W. Bank Bldg., Minneapolis.

Co. 6, 1st AIR SERV. MECH. REGT.—Reunion-dinner, New York City, Oct. 25. Vets. who write Clifford R. Summers, 2156 E. Dauphin St., Philadelphia, Pa., will receive details and revised roster.

BASE HOSP. 26.—Reunion, Minneapolis, Minn., Oct. 31. Robt. B. Gile, secy., 514 Second Av., S., Minneapolis.

VETS. BASE HOSP. 48.—Reunion-dinner, New York City, Oct. 11. W. H. Felton, 607 S. Maple Ave., Glen Rock, N. J.

BASE HOSP. 116.—23d reunion, Hotel McAlpin, New York City, Nov. 8. Dr. F. C. Freed, 59 E. 54th St., New York City.

CAMP HOSP. 53, MARSEILLES.—Proposed reunion, Write Ceylon A. Fox, Exeter, N. H.

118TH AMB., 30TH Div.—For roster and information of reunion, write Mrs. Charles Mease, Canton, N. C.

1st MARINE AVIATION FORCE VETS.—Annual reunion, New York City, Nov. 8-9. Wm. J. Lovejoy, 125 Barclay St., New York City.

ADRIATIC FLEET.—Proposed reunion of vets of all ships in fleet. Send name and address to Richie Sierfer, Far Rockaway High School, Far Rockaway, N. Y.

ALL NAVY, MIDWEST.—Reunion, St. Louis, Mo., sponsored by Navy Post, Oct. 25. Write Henry Costa, chmn., 1222 N. 9th St., St. Louis.

NORTH SEA MINE FORCE ASSOC.—Annual convention-reunion, Boston, Mass., Oct. 25-27. Navy Day banquet, Boston City Club, Oct. 27. J. Frank Burke, natl. secy., 3 Bangor Rd., West Roxbury, Mass.

NORTH SEA MINE FORCE ASSOC., PACIFIC COAST CHAP.—For membership, write Jimmie Gee, organizer, 1626 Illinois St., Vallejo, Calif.

NORTH SEA MINE FORCE ASSOC., NEW JERSEY.—For membership, send name and address to Eugene F. Flannery, 3 W. 48th St., Bayonne, N. J.

U. S. S. Covington ASSOC.—Reunion, Boston, Mass., Oct. 11. Wm. C. McGee, 26 Howes St., Dorchester, Mass.

U. S. S. Indianapolis.—Proposed reunion of crew. Albert Jaster, 1453 Walbridge Av., Toledo, Ohio.

NATL. Ortranto-Kashmir ASSOC.—Annual reunion, Clinton, Iowa, Oct. 5. A. H. Telford, 124 E. Simmons St., Galesburg, Ill.

U. S. S. Solace.—Annual reunion, Philadelphia, Pa., Nov. 1. Dr. Richard A. Kern, University Hospital, Philadelphia.

U. S. S. ARMY SCHOOL OF CHAUFFEURS & MECHANICS, FT. SAM HOUSTON.—Proposed reunion. Write Mitchell D. Vail, Rosendale Road Box 60, Schenectady, N. Y.

MALLET RESERVE VETS. ASSOC.—Regular meetings, Hotel Plymouth, 143 W. 49th St., New York City, 2d Tues. each month. Jos. Maslon, secy., 123 William St., New York City.

JOHN J. NOLL
The Company Clerk



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Frontier Asthma Co., 19-J Frontier Bldg., 462 Niagara St., Buffalo, N. Y.



ROSEBERG, Oregon, had spread itself in its entertainment of the 1936 Legion Department Convention. Two of the bright stars at that meeting were National Commander Ray Murphy and Joseph K. Carson, Jr., then Mayor of the City of Portland, now the Oregon Department Commander. After the tumult and the shouting died, Joe—proud of his State, its scenic wonders and its fine highways—proposed a drive back to Portland over the highway along the coast, a proposition that was readily assented to by Commander Murphy.

The better part of a full day was spent loafing leisurely along, then in the shank of the afternoon the fine, big car drew up to a ferry. There was some delay. A freckle-faced youngster came out with a basket of fresh roasted peanuts and solicited business. He was a bright lad and Joe engaged him in conversation, but all of the time the boy kept his eyes on the car.

"Nice car ye got there," he finally said. "Is it your'n?"

"No, it isn't exactly mine," explained his honor, Mayor Carson. "It belongs to the City of Portland. I am the Mayor of that city, and this gentleman," indicating Ray Murphy, "is the National Commander of The American Legion."

"Yeah," said the lad, not visibly impressed with the dignity of his visitors. "Yeah, I figgered you wuz a coupla big shots ridin' around in a car the taxpayers bought."

PRIVATE Hubert A. Elliott, now at Camp Croft, South Carolina, says that a young Negro draftee of the 50th Training Battalion brought his lieutenant colonel up with a start one night, when

on guard, with the challenge: "Halt! Look who's here!"

LEGION Heir Robert Riordan of Solomon, Kansas, reports his favorite yarn: Wifey handed hubby a bill for dental work of almost battleship proportions. "I was in good repair when you married me," she said, "so you should keep me that way."

"If that is a good argument," parried the husband, "let me say this. When my car starts to costing too much for upkeep, I always trade it in for a new one."

THE retired admiral was expostulating with his daughter about keeping late hours. "I won't have it!" exploded the old seadog. "Going out in that young lubber's car and not getting home until after midnight!"

"But, daddy," appeased the daughter, "we were becalmed. The wind died down in two of his tires."

A COUPLE of chaps were driving home after doing the town in a big way, says C. E. Jensen, Wyoming's Legion Americanism Chairman. The car made a couple of hair-pin curves, crossed a narrow bridge on two wheels, scorching the paint on the side, and straightened out for the twisty, curveful road ahead.

"Boy, oh boy!" sputtered one of the chaps. "That was a close one! Better look out where you're driving!"

"Driving? Cripes all hemlock!" yelled the other. "I thought you were driving!"

A FORT RILEY cavalry corporal was instructing a new recruit

BURSTS AND DUDS

on approaching a horse from the rear, according to Don Allen of Wadsworth, Kansas.

"Run your hand down his legs, like this," said the corporal as he demonstrated his method, "then place your hand on his haunch and push him off balance if he kicks at you."

"What if I don't get him off balance?" asked the recruit.

"Then," said the corporal in honeyed tones, "just pick yourself up and try it again."

"JUST fancy that!" exclaimed the proud mother. "They've promoted our Herbert for hitting the sergeant! They've made him a court-martial!"

TWO Hollywood stars passed a man who tipped his hat and spoke rather coldly.

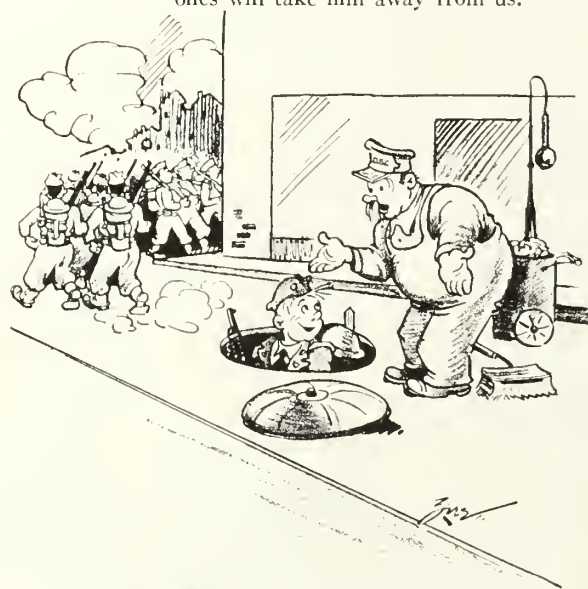
"Who was that?" asked one.

"Not quite sure," answered the other, "but I think it was a former husband of mine."

"HELP your wife," advises a home economics editor. "When she washes the dishes, wash the dishes with her; when she mops the floor, mop up the floor with her."

LEGIONNAIRE Earl Braly, of Palestine, Texas, avers that a couple of mosquitoes swept down upon a soldier, who was snoring away in his pup tent in a Southern camp: "Shall we eat him here, or take him with us?" asked the smaller of the two marauders.

"Let's eat him here," replied the leader. "If we take him to the swamp the big ones will take him away from us."



"But I can't leave it open every time you go by here on a hike!"

The American Legion Magazine will pay one dollar for each joke accepted for Bursts and Duds. Address Bursts and Duds, The American Legion Magazine, 15 West 48th Street, New York City. Don't send postage, as no jokes will be returned.

"THE TORPEDO STRUCK US WITH THE ROAR OF DOOM!"



A true experience of Frank C. Davidson, Truro, Nova Scotia, Stoker First Class, on the torpedoed H. M. S. Rajputana.

1 "HAD WE EXPECTED a second torpedo to strike the wounded British Cruiser, *Rajputana*, two of the boys and I would never have scrambled below to save a few of our belongings

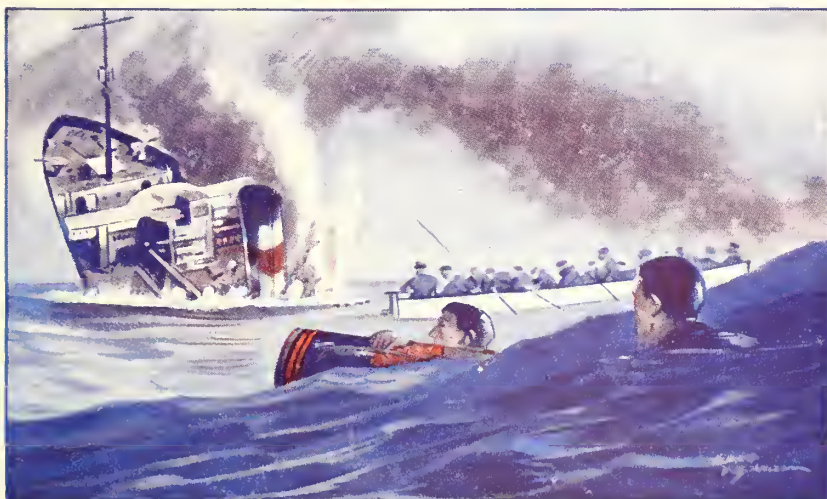
2 "BUT THERE WE WERE, in the stokers' mess, when torpedo number two ripped into us with a terrific explosion. Instantly, we were in utter darkness . . . trapped by tables, chairs, and lockers crashing about us. Escape seemed impossible . . . until I remembered my flashlight.



3 "WITH THE AID of that light, we managed to fight our way, dazed and confused, to the boat deck, just as the captain gave the order to abandon ship. I shall never forget what might have happened out there on the Atlantic had it not been for my flashlight and 'Eveready' fresh DATED batteries.

(Signed)

Frank C. Davidson



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—extra mildness with less nicotine in
the smoke (*see left*).

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or two of Camels today? He'll appreciate
your picking the brand that the men in the
service prefer...Camels. Remember—send
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